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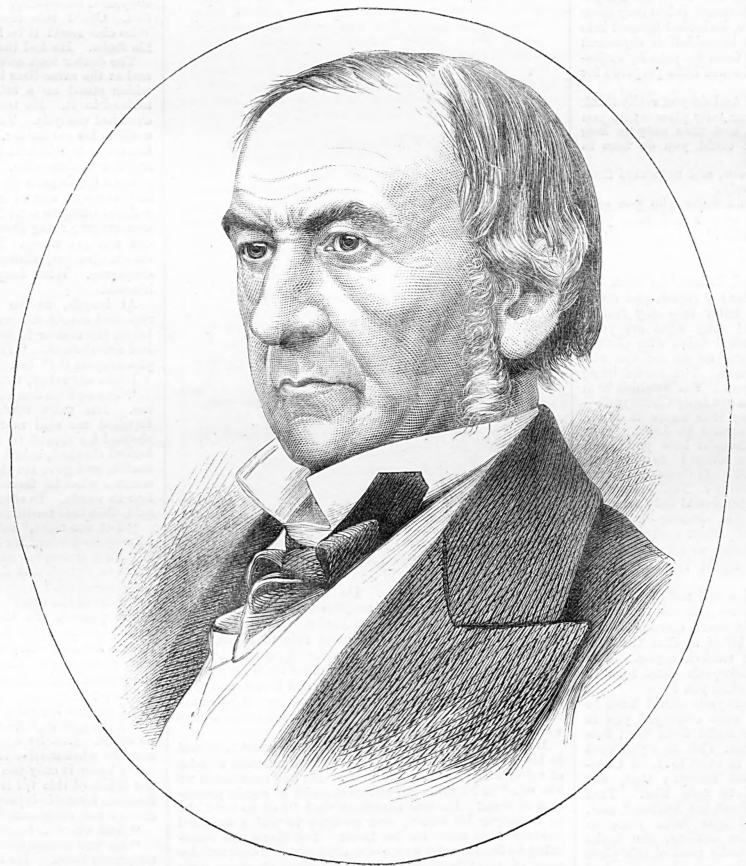
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THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

TO write anything like a complete biography of the great Liberal leader of the House of Commons would be to transcribe the most important page of the political history of the age, so indissolubly connected with the progress of the times has Mr. Gladstone's name become. Volumes might be—nay, volumes have been filled—with criticisms of the career and the character of him who has so long held the reins of government, and the daily press of the last few years, at least during the sittings of Parliament, has appeared to have little else to do than either extol or attack him, as the case might be—a sure proof of the great influence the right hon. gentleman has wielded throughout England as well as under the shadow of St. Stephen's.

Mr. Gladstone is the fourth son of the late Sir John Gladstone, Bart., of Fasque, county Kincardine, N.B., a wealthy merchant of Liverpool, and was born in that thriving town on the 29th December, 1809. He was educated first at Eton and then at Christ Church, Oxford, of which he was nominated a student in 1829, and graduated with honours in 1831. Having spent some time in a Continental tour, he was returned at the general election in December, 1832, in the Conservative interest, for Newark, and entered Parliament just as the struggle of parties was at its height. He soon attracted the notice of Sir Robert Peel, who, in December, 1834, appointed him to a Junior Lordship of the Treasury, and in February of the following year as Under-Secretary for Colonial Affairs. Mr. Gladstone's subsequent chequered career must be familiar to all our readers, his literary success having been scarcely less distinguished than his Parliamentary. Of his marriage and happy domestic relations it is also unnecessary for us to speak, as a portrait of Mrs. Gladstone, with sketch, has already appeared in our columns. It would be a work, too, of supererogation to attempt to describe at any length Mr. Gladstone's personal appearance and characteristics, so familiar have they become to the public; but this much we may say, no one who looks at the Treasury Bench



RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

(From a Photograph.)

of the House of Commons during the present month, stranger though he be, can labour under a moment's doubt as to the identity of the leading spirit of the Government, the man who has given his name to the Administration. To adopt the language of a clever pen-and-ink sketcher in the House of Commons a few years since, the eye passes in a moment over the mediocrities of the Ministry, the Portescues, the Bruces, and Goschens, and rests instinctively upon the face of the Premier. And it is a face well worth looking at; especially is it worth regarding with attention, when contrasted with that other well-known countenance, to be seen on the opposite side of the table of the House, the clever leader of the Opposition. Mr.

superiority as a debater to any of his rivals or colleagues. "He is never seen," to quote the words of the able writer already referred to, "to so much advantage as when, at the close of a long discussion, he rises in the midst of a crowded House impatient for the division, to reply to Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Hardy. The readiness with which he replies to a speech just delivered is amazing; he will take up, one after another, the arguments of his opponent, and examine them and debate them with as much precision and fluency as though he had spent weeks in the preparation of his answer. Then, too, at such moments time is precious, and he is compelled to repress that tendency to prolixity, which is one of his greatest

Gladstone's face differs strangely from that of his great rival. It is the most mobile and expressive countenance in the Commons; it can no more conceal the thoughts flitting through the brain behind it than the mirror can refuse to reflect the figure placed before it; it is incapable of reserve or of mystery; hope, fear, anxiety, exultation, anger, pleasure, each of these in turn is "writ large" upon it, so that the spectator watching it closely can read in it, as in a book, the varying thoughts and feelings of him to whom it belongs. And the face is in the highest degree characteristic of the man. There never was a statesman more impulsive than the present Prime Minister; never one who took less pains to hide the workings of his mind from those around him, or who was more determined to wear his heart upon his sleeve. His openness in this respect is at once his fault and his virtue. It is a grave error in any man to whom are committed great destinies and the policy of a mighty nation, and we cannot wonder that his friends should often have complained of it. But it has at the same time redeemed not a few of the errors of his career, and has given the world evidence of the fact that, however fickle and changeable he may be, he is at least sincere in his fickleness and instability.

As a debater Mr. Gladstone stands without a rival in the House of Commons. Mr. Disraeli possesses a brilliant wit, and powers of sarcasm to which he can lay no claim; but no one who has seen Mr. Gladstone take his part in a great party battle will question his



faults as an orator. His sentences, instead of wandering on interminably, are short and clear, and from beginning to end of the speech there is hardly a word which seems unnecessary. The excitement, too, which prevails around him, always infects him strongly; his pale face twitches, his magnificent voice quivers, his body sways from side to side as he pours forth argument, pleading and invective, strangely intermingled. The storm of cheers and counter-cheers rages around him, as it can rage nowhere except in the House of Commons on such an occasion, but high and clear above the tumult rings out his voice, like the trumpet sounding through the din of the battle-field."

The Cryptogram.

By the Author of "The Dodge Club," &c.

CHAPTER LI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

HEN Gualtier had followed Hilda into the hotel, she dismissed her maid, and at once went straight to the object of her visit. As might have been expected, Gualtier's rage knew no bounds, and having tried persuasion in vain, his threats took a very tangible shape. But he once more miscalculated upon Hilda's strength of will. Gathering up her energy for one great effort, she defied him utterly; taunted him to do his worst, and expressed her determination, come what might, to save the man she loved.

Gualtier, on his part, struggled desperately between rage and despair; but finding that with every fresh argument or appeal that he brought forward, Hilda only grew the firmer in her desperate resolve, he lashed himself into a frenzy, and as a last attempt at intimidation expressed his resolve at once to remove her from his path by exposing her to the authorities. But he was little prepared for her retort.

"Poor creature!" she said. "And do you really think you can do anything here? Your only place where you have any chance is in England, and then only by long and careful preparation. What could you do here in Lausanne?"

"I could have you flung in prison, and separated from him for ever," said Gualtier, fiercely.

"You! you! And pray do you know who you are? Lord Chetwynde's valet! And who would take your word against Lord Chetwynde's wife?"

"That you are not."

"I am," said Hilda firmly.

"What do you mean?" he cried, in bewilderment.

"I mean that I will stand up for my rights, and crush you into dust if you dare to enter into any frantic attempt against me here. You! why what are you? You are Lord Chetwynde's scoundrel valet, who plotted against his master. Here in these rooms are the witnesses and the proofs of your crimes. You would bring an accusation against me, would you? You would inform the magistrates, perhaps, that I am not Lady Chetwynde—that I am an impostor—that my true name is Hilda Krieff—that I sent you on an errand to destroy your master? And pray have you thought how you could prove so wild and so improbable a fiction? Is there one thing that you could bring forward? Is there one living being who would sustain the charge? You know that there is nothing. Your vile slander would only recoil on your own head; and even if I did nothing—even if I treated you and your charge with silent contempt, you yourself would suffer, for the charge would excite such suspicion against you that you would undoubtedly be arrested."

"But, unfortunately for you, I would not be silent. I would come forward and tell the magistrates the whole truth. And I think, without self-conceit, there is enough in my appearance to win for me belief against the wild and frenzied fancies of a vulgar valet like you. Who would believe you when Lady Chetwynde came forward to tell her story, and to testify against you?"

"I will tell you what Lady Chetwynde would have to say. She would tell how she once employed you in England; how you suffered some slight from her; how you were dismissed from her service. That then you went to London, and engaged yourself as valet to Lord Chetwynde, by whom you were not known; that, out of vengeance, you determined to ruin him; that Lady Chetwynde was anxious about her husband, and, hearing of his illness, followed him from place to place; that, owing to her intense anxiety, she broke down and nearly died; that she finally reached this place to find her villainous servant—the one whom she had dismissed—acting as her husband's valet. That she turned him off on the spot, whereupon he went to the authorities and lodged some malicious and insane charges against her. But Lady Chetwynde would have more than this to say. She could show certain vials, which are no doubt in these rooms, to a doctor; and he could analyse their contents; and he could tell to the court what it was that had caused this mysterious disease to one who had always before been so healthy. And where do you think your charge would be in the face of Lady Chetwynde's story, in the face of the evidence of the vials and the doctor's analysis?"

Hilda paused and regarded Gualtier with cold contempt. Gualtier felt the terrible truth of all that she had said. He saw that here in Lausanne he had no chance. If he wished for vengeance he would have to delay it. And yet he did not wish for any vengeance on her. She had for the present eluded his grasp. In spite of his assertion of power over her—in spite of the coercion by which he had once extorted a promise from her—he was, after all, full of that same all-absorbing love and idolising affection for her which had made him for so many years her willing slave and her blind tool. Now this sudden reassertion of her old supremacy, while it roused all his

pride and stimulated his anger, excited also at the same time his admiration.

He spoke at length, and his tone was one of sadness. "There is one thing which is against me," said he; "my own heart. I cannot do anything against you."

"Then go; leave me here," she replied. "I am determined in my purpose. Lord Chetwynde shall be saved."

"I will, my lady," he replied, after a thoughtful pause, and resuming something of his old deferential tone. "I will leave you, and return to England. But I have your promise, and I shall hold you to it. Whether Lord Chetwynde live or die, you are pledged as mine."

Gualtier was true to his word. On the evening of the day when he had that interview with Hilda he left the hotel, and Lausanne also, and set out for England. On the way he had much to think of, and his thoughts were not at all pleasant. This frenzy of Hilda's had taken him by complete surprise, and her utter recklessness of life, or all the things most desirable in life, were things on which he had never counted. The coolness with which she listened to his menaces, and the stern way in which she turned on him with menaces of her own, showed him plainly that, for the present at least, she was beyond his reach, and nothing which he might do could in any way affect her. Only one thing gave him hope, and that was the utter madness and impossibility of her design. He did not know what might have passed between her and Lord Chetwynde before, but he conjectured that she had been treated with insult great enough to inspire her with a thirst for vengeance. He now hoped that Lord Chetwynde, if he did recover, would regard her as before. He was not a man to change; his mind had been deeply embittered against the woman whom he believed his wife, and recovery of sense would not lessen that bitterness. So Gualtier thought, and tried to believe, yet in his thoughts

he also considered the possibility of a reconciliation. And, if such a thing could take place, then his mind was fully made up what to do. He would trample out all feelings of tenderness, and sacrifice love to full and complete retaliation. That reconciliation should be made short-lived, and should end in utter ruin to Hilda, even if he himself descended into the same abyss with her.

Thoughts like these occupied his mind until he reached London. Then he drove to the Strand Hotel, and took two front rooms on the second story looking out upon the street, commanding a view of the dense crowd that always went thronging by.

Here, on the evening of his arrival, his thoughts turned to his old lodging-house, and to those numerous articles of value which he had left there. He had once made up his mind to let them go, and never seek to regain possession of them. He was conscious that to do so would be to endanger his safety, and perhaps to put a watchful pursuer once more on his track. Yet there was something in the thought which was attractive. Those articles were of great intrinsic value, and some of them were precious souvenirs, of little value to any one else, yet to him beyond price. Would it not be worth while to make an effort at least to regain possession of them? If it could be done, it would represent so much money at the least, and that was a thing which it was useful for him to consider. And, in any case, those mementoes of the past were sufficiently valuable to call for some effort and some risk. The more he thought of this, the more resistless became the temptation to make this effort and run this risk.

CHAPTER LII.

THE ANTIDOTE AND ITS RESULT.

HILDA was not long in putting her plans into execution. In her terrible excitement she went straight from Gualtier to Lord Chetwynde's room, and, announcing herself to the nurse, requested to be conducted to his presence. Once there, the sight of the terribly-wasted and unconscious form brought back with tenfold strength all her old weakness, and she would have fallen to the ground had she not been supported. With a feverish anxiety, however, she urged her determination, in spite of all remonstrances, of at once taking her place by the bed-side

as nurse; and, apparently utterly oblivious of the presence of another, she proceeded to administer with her own hands, and with agonising impatience and solicitude, a remedy with which she had come provided. Then she sat for a few minutes watching the deathly pallid face before her, till, with a faint cry, she fell senseless to the floor.

They carried her tenderly to her room, and, summoning medical aid, found that the devoted lady was herself almost hovering between life and death. The intense excitement of the last few days had been too much for her, and once more she lay as a helpless child in the hands of strangers.

Meanwhile, as Hilda lay senseless, Lord Chetwynde hovered between life and death. The physician who had attended him came in on the morning after Hilda's arrival, and learned from the nurse that Lady Chetwynde had come suddenly, more dead than alive, and was herself struck down by fever. She had watched her all night from her own couch, until at last she had lost consciousness; but all her soul seemed bent on one thing, and that was that a certain medicine should be administered regularly to Lord Chetwynde. The doctor asked to see it.

He smelled it and tasted it. An expression of horror passed over his face.

"I did not dare to suspect it!" he murmured. "It must be so!"

"Where is Lord Chetwynde's valet?" he asked, at length, after a thoughtful pause.

"I don't know, Sir," said the nurse.

"He always is here. I don't see him now."

"I haven't seen him since Lady Chetwynde's arrival."

"Did my lady see him?"

"I think she did, Sir."

"You don't know what passed?"

"No, Sir. Except this, that the valet hurried out, looking very pale, and has not been back since."

"Ah!" murmured the doctor, to himself. "She has suspected something, and has come on. The valet has fled. Could this scoundrel have been the guilty one? Who else could it be? And he has fled. I never liked his looks. He had the face of a vampire."

The doctor took away some of the medicine with him, and at the same time he took with him one of the glasses which stood on a table near the bed. Some liquid remained in it. He took these away to subject them to chemical analysis. The result of that analysis served to confirm his suspicions. When he next came he directed the nurse to administer the antidote regularly, and left another mixture also.

Lord Chetwynde lay between life and death. At the last verge of mortal weakness, it would have needed but a slight thing to send him out of life for ever. The only encouraging thing about him for many days was that he did not get worse. From this fact the doctor gained encouragement, though he still felt that the case was desperate. What suspicions he had formed he kept to himself.

At length, as the days passed on, and Hilda had regained consciousness and strength, the doctor one day broke the matter to her, and explained what he himself had ascertained. "How did you discover it—or how did you suspect it?" he asked.

Hilda answered, without a moment's hesitation:—

"The suddenness of Lord Chetwynde's disease alarmed me. His valet wrote about his symptoms, and these terrified me still more. I hurried up to London and showed his report to a leading London physician. He looked shocked, asked me much about Lord Chetwynde's health, and gave me this medicine. I suspected from his manner what he feared, though he did not express his fear in words. In short, it seemed to me, from what he said, that this medicine was the antidote to some poison."

"You are right," said the doctor, solemnly; and then he remained silent for a long time.

"Do you suspect any one?" he asked, at last.

Hilda sighed, and slowly said,

"Yes—I do."

"Who is the one?"

She paused. In that moment there were struggling within her thoughts which the doctor did not imagine. Should she be so base as to say what was in her mind, or should she not? That was the question. But rapidly she pushed aside all scruples, and in a low, stern voice she said:

"I suspect his valet."

"I thought so," said the doctor. "It could have been no other. But he must have had a motive. Can you imagine what motive there could have been?"

"I know it only too well," said Hilda, "though I did not think of this till it was too late. He was injured, or fancied himself injured, by Lord Chetwynde, and his motive was vengeance."

"And where is he now?" asked the doctor.

"He was thunderstruck by my appearance. He saw me nearly dead. He helped me up to his master's room. I charged him with his crime. He tried to falter out a denial. In vain. He was crushed beneath the overwhelming surprise. He hurried out abruptly, and has fled, I suppose for ever, to some distant country. As for me, I forgot all about him, and fainted away by the bedside of my husband."

The doctor sighed heavily, and wiped a tear from his eye.

He had never known so sad a case as this.

(To be continued.)

"TROUBLE TO LEND."

TO-MORROW has trouble to lend

To all who lack to-day;
Go, borrow it, borrow, griefless heart,
And thou with thy peace wilt pay!

To-morrow hath trouble to lend,
An endless, endless store,
But I have as much as heart can hold—
Why should I borrow more?

Louie.

BY HARRIETT PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

PART V.



AS THE news of the brig's return and of her terrible companion spread through the town, a panic followed it, and the feeling with which she was regarded all along the shore during that day and the next would hardly be believed by any but those who had once been in the neighbourhood of a pestilence themselves. Exaggerated accounts of a swift, strange illness, by many believed to be the ancient plague revived again and cast loose through the land from Asiatic ships, had reached the old port; and, aware that they were peculiarly exposed by reason of their trade, small as it was, the people there had already died a thousand deaths through expectation of the present coming of the fever already raging in other parts. Hitherto, the health officers, boarding everything that appeared, had found no occasion to give anything but clean papers, and the town had breathed again. But now, when at last it spread from lip to lip that the fever lay at anchor in mid-channel, knees shook and cheeks grew white, and health officer and port physician, in spite of the almost instantaneous brevity of their visit to the infected vessel, were avoided as though they were the pestilence themselves, and not a soul in all the town was found to carry a cup of cold water to the gasping, burning men, cared for only by those in less desperate straits than themselves; and who, having buried two-thirds of their number in deep-sea soundings, were likely to be denied as much as a grave on shore themselves; while to Mr. Maurice, half wild with perplexity and foreboding and amazement at Miss Frannie's yet wilder terror—to him the red lantern hung out by the brig at nightfall magnified itself in the mist into a crimson cloud where with wide wings lurked the very demon of Fever himself.

Not a soul to carry the cup of cold water, did I say? Yes, one timid little soul there was, waiting in a fever of longing herself—waiting that those who had a right to go might do so if they would—waiting till assured that neither Frannie Maurice nor her parents had the first intention of going, though affianced husband and chosen son lay dying there—waiting in agony of impatience, since every delay might possibly mean death,—one little brave and timid soul there was who ventured forth on her errand of mercy alone. The fisherman's old boat still lay rocking in the cove, and the oars stood in the shed: Louie knew how to use them well, and making her preparations by daylight, and leaving the rest till nightfall, lest she should be hindered by the authorities, she found means to impress the little cow-boy into her service; and after dark a keg of sweet water was trundled down and stored amidst the boat, with an enormous block of ice rolled in an old blanket; a basket of lemons and oranges was added, a roll of fresh bed-linen, a little box of such medicines as her last year's practice had taught her might be of use; and, extorting a promise from the boy that he would leave another block of ice on the bank every night after dark for her to come and fetch, Louie quickly stepped into the boat, lifted the oars, and slipped away into the darkness of the great and quiet river.

When, three days afterwards, Captain Traverse unclosed his eyes from a dream of Gehenna and the place the smoke of whose torment goes up for ever, a strange confusion crept like a haze across his mind, tired out and tortured with delirium, and he dropped the aching lids and fell away into slumber again; for he had thought himself vexed with the creak of cordage and noise of feet, stifed in his dark and narrow cabin on a filthy bed in a foul air, if any air at all were in that noisome place, reeking with heat and the ferment of bilge-water and fever-smell; and here, unless a new delirium chained him, a mattress lay upon the deck with the awning of an old sail stretched above it and making soft shadow out of searching sun, a gentle wind was blowing over him, a land-breeze full of sweet scents from the gardens on the shore, from the meadows and the marshes. Silence broken only by a soft wash of water surrounded him; a flake of ice lay between his lips that had lately been parched and withering, and delicious coolness swathed his head, that had seemed to be a ball of fire. The last that he remembered had been a hot, dry, aching agony, and this was bliss: the sleep into which he fell when waking from the stupor that had benumbed his power of suffering—a power that had rioted till no more could be suffered—lasted during all the spell of that fervid noon sun that hung above the harbour and the town like the unbroken seal of the expected pestilence. A strange still town, fear and heat keeping its streets deserted, its people longing for the wind that should kill the fever, yet dreading lest it should blow the fever in on them; a strange still harbour, its great peaceful river darkened only by that blot where the sun-soaked craft swung at her anchor; a strange still craft, where nothing stirred but one slender form, one little being that went about laying wet cloths upon this rude sailor's head, broken ice between the lips of that one, moistening dry palms, measuring out cooling draughts, and only resting now and then to watch one sleeper sleep, to hang and hear if in that deep dream there were any breathing and it were not the last sleep of all. And in Louie's heart there was something just as strange and still as in all other things throughout that wearing, blinding day; but with her the calm was not of fear, only of unspeakable joy; for if Andrew lived it was she that had saved him, and though he died, his delirium had told her that his heart was hers. "If he dies, he is mine!" she cried, triumphantly, forgetting all the long struggle of scruple and doubt, "and if he lives, he shall never be hers!" she cried, softly, and with that inner voice which no one hears.

And so the heat slipped down with the sun to other

horizons, coolness crept in upon the running river's breast with the dusk, dew gathered and lay darkly glittering on rail and spar and shroud, as star by star stole out to sparkle in it; and Andrew raised his eyes at length, and they rested long and unwaveringly on the little figure sitting not far away with hands crossed about the knees and eyes looking out into the last light—the tranquil, happy face from which a white handkerchief kept back the flying hair while giving it the likeness of a nun's. Was it a dream? Was it Louie? Or was it only some one of the tormenting phantoms that for so many burning days had haunted him? He tried in vain to ask; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; he seemed to be in the power of one of those fierce nightmares where life depends on a word, and the word is not to be spoken. Only a vision, then: he closed his lids, thinking it would be gone when he lifted them, but he did not want it to be gone, and he looked again to find it as before. And by-and-by it seemed to him that long since, in a far-off dream, he had gathered strength and uttered the one thought of his fever, "Louie, what do you do now?" and she had answered him, as though she thought aloud, "I stroke the dead;" and he had cried out, "Then presently me too, me too! And let the shroud be shotted heavily to bury me out of your sight!" And he was crying it out again, but while he spoke a mouth was laid on his—a warm, sweet mouth that seemed to breathe fresh spirit through his frame—his head was lifted and pillowed on a breast where he could hear the heart beneath flutter like a happy bird, and he was wrapped once more in slumber, but this time slumber sweet as it was deep.

Morning was dawning over the vessel's side, a dream of rosy lustre, sifting through the purple and pearly mist, behind which the stars grew large and lost while it moved away to the west in one great cloud, and out of which the river gleamed as if just newly rolled from its everlasting fountains,—morning was dawning with the sweet freshness of its fragrant airs stealing from warm low fields, when Andrew once more lifted his eyes only to find that tranquil face above him still, that happy heart still beating beneath his pillowed head. "Oh, Louie," he sighed, "speak to me—speak to me—I died—I am I forgiven?—is this heaven?"

"To me, dear—oh to me!" answered she, with the old radiant smile that used to make his pulse quicken, and that, ill as he yet was, reassured him as to his earthly latitude and longitude.

"And it was all a dream then?" he murmured. "And I have not lost you?" He raised his wasted hand and drew from his breast the little hair chain that he had hidden there so long ago. "It was a fetter I could not break," he whispered. "I wrote her all about it long ago. I wrote her father that he should have his vessel back again—and I would take my freedom—and not a shilling's wages for the voyage would I ever draw of him. But I should never have dared see you—for—oh, Louie—how can you ever?"

"Hush, hush, dear!" she breathed. "What odds is all that now? We have our life before us."

"Only just help me live it, Louie."

"God will help us," she answered. And as she spoke a sudden rainbow leaped into the western heaven as if to seal her promise, and as it slowly faded there came a wild salt smell, an air that tingled like a tonic through the veins: the wind was singing in from sea, bringing the music of breaker and shore, and the fever was blasted by its breath throughout the little Sabrina.

(THE END.)

THE LESSON OF LOVE.

BY PHÆBE CARY.

WERE you half in earnest, darling,
Or did you just disguise,
When you said, so very gravely,
Looking straight into my eyes—

You must surely recollect it:
'Twas the time you'd been away,
And we had not seen each other
For two whole nights and a day—

When you said, in jest or earnest,
Which it was I could not tell—
"If you do not care about me,
You have learned your lesson well.

"If to the promise made me
You are not leal and true,
You must have studied carefully,
What lovers say and do.

"For you ne'er refuse my kisses,
Nor shrink from my embraces,
And the sunshine is not brighter
Than the lovelight on your face.

"Oh my tempting little treasure,
Whom I doubt while I adore,
Never counterfeit so cunning
Deceived a man before."

Don't you recollect you said so,
You cruellest of men?
And I'll whisper now a secret
Which I did not tell you then:

First I saw that sweet, sweet lesson,
In which I've grown so wise,
A thousand times repeated
In your smile and in your eyes.

Then I looked within my soul, and there
I read the self-same part;
And I never can forget it,
For I learned it, dear, by heart.

A Tourist's Christmas in Paris.

BY CELIA LOGAN KELLOGG.



MY cousin, Benjamin Duffly, was many years my senior. I had just left school when business called him to France. My father thought this a good opportunity for me to see a little of the world before entering upon the serious duties of life, and so sent me abroad with Ben. The latter could not speak a word of French, while I had studied it for many years, and thought I should have no trouble about the language.

We reached Paris on Christmas-eve. An American, Mr. Wilson, with whom my cousin had business relations, had engaged apartments for us, to which we drove from the station. We were to dine with him the next day.

On Christmas morning Ben said he felt too tired to go out with me, but that I needn't stay in to keep him company; he should lie in bed until time to dress for dinner, and would meet me at Mr. Wilson's. We were to take our meals at restaurants, and he said that he would get his breakfast somewhere when he wanted it. I started out to get mine. At the door of our little salon there stood some one who spoke to me in French. I couldn't stand some one who spoke to me in French. I couldn't tell, at the first glance, whether it was a man or a woman, owing to the face and head being masculine-looking, and the body being covered with a long, narrow, tightly-fitting black alpaca dress. He or she carried a large market-basket on his or her arm, with a single loaf of bread in it.

"It must be a man," I thought, "because women wear hoops and petticoats, and this creature has neither;" and the light just then happening to shine through his skirt, I saw he wore knee-breeches and stockings.

But what was it he kept on saying to me? I couldn't make it out. I did really know a good deal of French as it is written, but it seemed another language when spoken familiarly. He ran his words together, so that they sounded like one immensely long word: besides, I had in my own mind mapped out what I should say to people—that I would invariably address them first, and so get just the replies I expected, and could therefore comprehend. I had never calculated on any one speaking to me first, and was consequently unprepared and bewildered. When, he stopped a moment for breath, I stammered out, "Bang!" I meant "bien," but my French teacher had always told me I pronounced the word wrong.

The Frenchman smiled, which confused me more than ever, and I couldn't think of a single sentence, either to ask him what he meant or to explain my own ignorance of his language.

It seemed to dawn upon him, at last, that I didn't understand; and to give me a clue he took the loaf of bread out of the basket and pointed to it. This was a clue indeed!

"It's the baker," I said to myself; so, wrought up to desperation by his volubility and my inability to answer him, I snatched the loaf out of his hand and shut the door quickly, leaving him in the entry. A pause, and then he began talking louder and faster, and rattling and knocking at the door.

"Who's that making all that rumus?" asked Ben, from under the bed-clothes.

"The baker, with a loaf of bread. Where shall I put it?"

"On the floor, or anywhere you like: it's a matter of indifference to me."

But it proved afterwards not to be of indifference to him.

After a while the jabbering and thumping ceased outside, and I heard heavy footsteps go clattering down the stone steps.

"The coast's clear," said I, peeping out.

"Tom!" called Ben.

"Well!"

"Tell that man in the hencoop downstairs—porter fellow—what d'ye call him?"

"Concierge."

"Kongshears—not to let the fire go out, or I shall freeze."

"All right!" I said, and went whistling down to the porter's room, congratulating myself that I now had an opportunity of putting my own theories of speaking French into practice. To this man I would speak first, so directing the conversation and obtaining understandable answers. It was as good as the first move in chess. Emboldened by my advantage, and assuring myself that that harassing baker was nowhere near, I loftily remarked to the concierge, "Do not let the fire go out upstairs."

"Heaven preserve me!" he cried, starting, "is there a fire up stairs?"

That's what I thought he said, wondering how Frenchmen could be so theatrical in their ways, jumping and starting and swearing over such a commonplace order as not to let the fire go out. But perhaps he thought the whole house was on fire; so, to reassure him, I said, "Yes—only a fire in the bedroom."

"Only a fire! You are cool enough about it; but perhaps you are used to it."

"Oh yes: we always have a fire in the bedrooms in our country," I said, inwardly despising the poverty-stricken French ways, so unused to bedroom fires.

"A fire in the bedroom always!" he reiterated, as if unable to credit his hearing. "How dangerous!"

"Yes; don't let it go out on any account."

"I'll take care of that! It won't go out, except over my dead body!"

He clenched his fist, and I walked away proudly. Had I not always felt sure that if I only got the first word I could understand any Frenchman alive, even the baker? But what demonstrative people! how they get up their enthusiasm over trifles! The fire shouldn't go out except over his dead body! Why, a man going into battle could say no more than that. Anyhow, he would keep Ben warm.

He did.

I sauntered round Paris, first going to the Madeleine to hear mass. I was delighted with this lovely city, so different from any I had ever seen before, and I gave a thought to Cousin Ben until I found myself at Mr. Wilson's, a few minutes before the dinner-hour. He

greeted me with great cordiality. After a few commonplace remarks he said, "I hope we shall see your cousin to-day."

"Why, isn't he here?" I inquired, for the man-servant had just announced dinner.

"No."

"It's strange! He said he would meet me here."

"Perhaps he has forgotten, in sightseeing, how time goes."

"No, that's not it, for he was not well to-day and stayed at home. He is usually so punctual that this delay makes me uneasy. Hadn't I better go and see what's the matter?"

"Oh no; we can't spare you both. He may join us before dinner's over. If not, I'll send to see what has befallen him."

And with an apology for not being able to keep his guests waiting any longer for Ben, Mr. Wilson led the way to the dining-room.

There was a large party of people assembled, all in a right merry mood to enjoy a good old-fashioned Christmas dinner. Every one had wondrous tales of travel to tell; and my neighbour laughingly told me that he had been a year in France, and until this dinner he had eaten nothing but ham. I asked him how that had happened. He said, from knowing only one word of French, *jambon* (ham); so he could ask for nothing else, and ham or starvation stared him in the face. He intended that night to eat a good square meal—enough, in fact, to last him till he got home.

Every man and smiling woman seemed so light-hearted that "dull care" had begoned, as people in the old song "prithed" him to do. With me alone I thought he tarried, for in the midst of all the festivity I was secretly fidgeting about Cousin Ben. Why didn't he come? Where was he? Could he be sick? But for these conjectures I could have been as jovial as the rest.

As we were rising from dinner a footman came in and whispered something to Mr. Wilson, who quietly laid his hand on my arm, signifying I was to remain after the others had left the room.

"Prepare yourself for bad news," said Mr. Wilson, when we were alone.

"My cousin," I faltered—"sick?"

"Worse!"

"Not—dead?"

"No—worse!"

"What can be worse than that?"

"Gone mad!"

I was aghast, but laughed constrainedly: "That's impossible. I left him as sane as you are this morning."

"That may be, but madness often develops itself very suddenly, and in the last persons we think likely to end that way."

"I'll go at once to him."

"I'll go with you. It wouldn't be safe for you to go alone, as John here says that the concierge told him he had been very violent all day, raving and struggling so that he had to lock him in, to prevent his bursting into the streets."

I waited for no more news, but seizing my hat rushed into the street, shouted for a hack, bounded into it, and with Mr. Wilson at my side tore along as if I had been a madman myself.

(To be continued.)

'a Leipsic friend,' pretended to have achieved a grand triumph among the 'real' public, the 'general opera-going public, as yet, not being sufficiently enlightened' to appreciate his music. We doubt if this will ever come to pass; for the 'general opera-going public' has no taste for mediæval romance, to which Wagner is so partial, and will have nothing to say (and very properly, too), to an opera without singing: "Ce n'est point pour entendre du récitatif que l'on va à l'opéra."

Ladies and Modern Plays and Plangoing.

CHARLES KEAN AND MISS BATEMAN:

BY A LADY.

IT is not in Gath! Let it not reach the ears of prim maiden aunt or Low Church clergyman; but we confess to having a passion for the theatre!

As we do not dance round dances, and a square dance is "slow" in every sense of the word, we do not care for balls; to real lovers of music the generality of musical parties are about as agreeable as a fit of the toothache; to enjoy an archery-meeting one must

treat, to learn as well as to admire; then we went wholly to enjoy, now we go partly to criticise. The pleasure is not less in degree, but it is totally different in kind.

But though the glamour of childish inexperience is gone for ever, we still feel excited, and hope we always shall do so, when the box-door is flung open and we step from the dim corridor into a blaze of light and burst of music that dazzle us for a few moments, until we collect our scattered senses and look round the house, well pleased, if our favourite actor or actress is to play that night, if it be a good one, and proportionately vexed and disappointed if it be half empty.

How our heart beats and our colour rises, as well as the curtain, when the particular "he" or "she" of our admiration appears in front of the footlights. How we long to be a gentleman, that we might clap, and stamp with our feet, and make a noise; or the servant maid in the upper gallery who cheers audibly, and sobs and laughs all in a breath. But a wholesome fear of "what Mrs. Grundy would say" restrains us, and we look on with that decent apathy that becometh that highly-trained domestic animal "a young lady," through all the pathos of the tragedy and humour of the farce. (At least, we try most religiously to do so, though it must be acknowledged we do not always succeed.)

There are numbers of good, and sensible people too, who think it wrong to go to the theatre, and for those who hold that opinion it certainly would be wrong to go. We would never urge a person to do so who had any scruples about the matter. We can only say we do not agree with such; that we go to the theatre without a thought of wrong or harm either before or after the performance. It must be an evil mind indeed that can find harm in such an intellectual study as Charles Kean in *Hamlet* or Miss Bateman in *Leah*.

But there are actors and actresses, plays and plays, and it is not to be wondered at that—in the present degraded state of the English stage—many look upon it, and rightly, with disgust and horror. We should have the strongest objection ourselves to seeing Middle, Schneider in the *Grande Duchesse*, or witnessing one of the countless burlesques that are the ruin and disgrace of the stage; but one sees Miss Bateman, for instance, without being harmed by it in the least—sure that whatever she does will be pure and womanly.

The managers and actors are not entirely to be blamed for the present lamentable decay of the drama. Managers must make by their theatres, and actors must earn daily bread for themselves and their families. The fault lies chiefly with the public. As long as multitudes crowd to see burlesques in which everything that is beautiful, and refined, and sacred is habitually turned into ridicule, and in which the chief attraction consists in the scanty amount of clothing worn by the performers, so long will people be found foolish enough to write and bold enough to act them. We speak strongly upon this subject, because it is one on which we feel strongly. It is because we estimate a great actor so highly, that we regret that their brethren can ever sink so low; because we think the stage capable of being such a powerful instrument for good, that we feel so pained to see it mainly used as an instrument of evil.

Amongst the foremost of those who have endeavoured to raise the tone of the stage by the revival of Shakespeare and the legitimate classic drama must undoubtedly be placed the name of the late Charles Kean. All honour to him for the endeavour! If it has not succeeded as fully as he expected, it is because, since his death, none so great as he have appeared to carry out his designs. His impersonation of some of the heroes of Shakespeare's plays was unique in its way. It was a revelation to the uninitiated of the deeper meanings and subtle traits of character of Shakespeare's master-creations. And he produced this powerful impression on his audience in spite of the disadvantages of a plain face, an insignificant figure, and a rather broad pronunciation of some of his words. Charles Kean was a great actor, but he was more than this—he was a thorough gentleman, a good scholar, and a refined critic as well. When will his vacant place be filled?

It is very difficult for us to attempt a fair criticism of Miss Bateman as an actress, for from the first night we saw her (can we ever forget it?) we were strongly prejudiced in her favour. We never saw an actress that pleased us so much. There, we have said it! Now, critics, couch your lances; we are ready for your attacks. *Guerre à l'outrance*. Mrs. Siddons was as great an actress, perhaps greater, but she could not have been more graceful in every movement, more charming in every look, more sweetly feminine, more truly womanly. She may have been a greater artist, she could not have been a



RICHARD WAGNER.

Portraits of Distinguished Composers.

III.—RICHARD WAGNER.

RICHARD WAGNER was born at Leipsic, May 22, 1813. J. Schiller thus speaks of this composer, who is best known in this country by his overture to *Tannhäuser*, and as one of the champions of the "Music of the Future": "His vanity and ambition led him to protest against the degenerate opera of the present day—against Meyerbeer's show operas, the French and Italian dramatic and vocal operas, and finally into open and declared opposition to the opera in general. . . . His theory is that the sister arts, principally those of music and poetry, are no longer to act separately, but mutually combine and assist each other—opera, drama, and symphony are no longer to be esteemed on their own account. . . . Wagner's reforms are reduced to the idea of an intimate connexion between drama and opera; but the new form will never be able to assert itself if the opera is to lose all its special advantages and attractions, and become nothing more than a finale, and singing to be abandoned for continuous recitative. 'A downright poet or musician is, after all, better than one who is half and half of each.' Amid unprecedented uproar, *Tannhäuser* was hissed off the stage at the Imperial Opera-house, (Paris, 1861;) yet the composer, in the famous letter to

shoot, and shoot well; and the success of a picnic depends so much on the people brought together there—to say nothing of that capricious thing, the weather—that it is a chance whether it turn out a pleasure or the reverse; but a good play or opera we thoroughly enjoy—it is the one gaiety of a rather quiet and uneventful life.

We like even the preparations for going to the theatre. The frantic rush into the carriage if it is raining, the drive through the lamp-lighted streets at that (to us) unusual hour, the gay chat and laughter on the way—if the party happens to consist of a congenial set of young people bent on enjoyment; the startling question, "Where are the tickets?" followed by the answer, in a tone of deep penitence and humiliation, "Left them behind, of course, as usual!" and the sarcastic remark of a superior English cousin, "How thoroughly Irish!" amid peals of laughter from the whole party.

Naturally the theatre is not to us now the place of magic and enchantment it appeared in our childhood—that golden time when everything that is beautiful seems good, and all seems good that is beautiful. We know now, alas! that it is all "most excellent dissembling." We no longer look upon the ballet-dancers as something between angels and fairies, but as painted young women with very short petticoats and very thick legs, who only look pretty and effective when seen *en masse*, and at a considerable distance. Then we went only for the sake of fun and amusement, now we go also for an intellectual

more thorough lady. It is in her refinement, in our opinion, that lies Miss Bateman's greatest charm; in a certain dignity of manner that is removed from any idea of "staginess." When she is called before the curtain there is no affected smile round the house; we do not see that look up to the "gods" which is common to every vulgar little actress, and so contrary to our ideas of what is becoming.

(To be concluded.)

Venice and its Associations.

The first aspect of the streets of this "glorious city of the sea" is not attractive to the stranger. He cannot reconcile with his home notions the sight of "the sea in her broad and narrow streets;" but, after a while, the sight becomes familiar, and the short journey in the luxurious gondola is richly enjoyed. There is, comparatively, little life now on its waters, and many of the noble palaces of Venice, rich in the beauties of architecture and sculpture, are crumbling into dust, while strangers inhabit some of the finest of her buildings; yet a few of her grandest structures are still in tolerable condition, such as St. Mark's, the Doge's Palace, &c.; nor is the celebrated Bridge of Sighs yet swept away. Nevertheless, the Venetians are looking forward with hope to a restoration of their former condition of grandeur, when Venice ranked as one of the most powerful commercial and maritime States of Europe.

Essays and Sketches.

VINES.

By AUNT NANCY.

WASHINGTON IRVING it was, I believe, who wrote a very pretty story about the oak and the vine, in which he expressed his idea of what a woman ought to be, and for which he received the applause of an admiring public.

Now, I have my own private views of your female vine. They are the views of a blunt, out-spoken old woman, who looks straight through her glasses, instead of through the rose-colour of poetry, and sees things as they are; and it's my private opinion publicly expressed that the female vine is a nuisance. She is a kind of walking incubus—a peripatetic nightmare. With all due deference to Washington Irving, who evolved his from his own consciousness, and mixed her up with a little weak moonshine, I don't think he ever met the living creature; she never asked him to carry her bundles, or run on her errands, or look after her children, or rectify her mistakes, and help her think and breathe every minute of her life, else, being a bachelor, he would have clutched his hat and carpet-bag and rushed off to a safe retreat, where he could have warned the world in security against this clinging, helpless, unscrupulous style of creature.

I almost wish the delightful author of the "Sketch Book" had met Laura Lovering early in life, for I think it would have saved the world one precious piece of twaddle.

Laura is Mary's sister; and how two girls so utterly different could have grown up in the same family is quite incomprehensible. Laura was a beauty, and she very early learned that her sole mission in this world was to look well, and that there was not the slightest need of instilling the twentieth part of an idea into her empty little cranium, because men shudder at clever women, or even if they admire such, will always choose a wife from among the foolish virgins. So she became a human female vine with thousands of wants and no talent for satisfying them for herself, with a propensity for dropping down upon and clinging about everybody, and sapping the life and strength of those around her.

This was all very well when Laura was young and beautiful, with hosts of admirers. In those days I well recollect she was the most tiresome and upsetting creature

bulent children. When this little colony moves in at the door, domestic comfort is very apt to fly out of the window.

Not long ago Mary received a highly-scented pink note, rather badly spelled, the perusal of which caused her face to lengthen perceptibly.

"Laura is coming with her children to visit us," said she, at last, while James watched her face anxiously, as he gave the coal fire two or three impatient pokes.

"I should think Laura had better stay at home with the children at this time of year," said James, rather gloomily. "It isn't safe to bring them on a journey. They're always catching some disease or other. Couldn't you write and point out to her that it is very risky?"

"I'm afraid it would have no influence," sighed Mary. "Laura is very set in her ways, and allows nothing to interfere with her plans."

"Will," she added, "you will have to move up to the third floor, and let your Aunt Laura take your room for the children."

"Hang it!" was Will's rather unceremonious reply, "Aunt Laura upsets everybody. I feel the minute she gets into the house like a Bedouin, and never know where I am going to sleep from one night to the other."

"Look here!" said James, pulling himself up out of the slough of despondency. "Doctor Marsh told me this morning there had been a case of small-pox in the next street. Hadn't you better let Laura know? It wouldn't be right to have her kept in the dark about it."

"I don't think Laura is afraid of small-pox," returned Mary; "and all the children have been vaccinated."

Aunt Laura's near advent had fallen like a wet blanket on the entire establishment. The usually merry circle round the fire looked as if an east wind had suddenly afflicted their tempers. James grew as cross as two sticks, and these were the premonitory symptoms of Aunt Laura.

The next morning, however, the master of the establishment descended to the dining-room in high feather. Richard was himself again. He had cooked up over night one of those unselfish little plans by which men are enabled to keep clear of disagreeables.

There are some things a man can't say to his wife, especially when he wishes to criticise her relations. At such moments a sister comes in handy.

"I'm going on that country business," he remarked now, turning to me. "It's very lucky I happened to remember it; I couldn't stand that Laura Lovering. That woman would knock me up in less than a week, I declare to you she would."

He was so florid and well fed, and stood so squarely on his legs, that the idea of his being knocked up by a woman made me smile. So I rather wickedly remarked, "I thought you liked that style of woman. You know she isn't a bit strong-minded."

"Like her!" spluttered James. "Why, she's a fool and a nuisance; but, of course, I don't want to hurt Mary's feelings."

"Oh," said I, "men like folly and vanity and helplessness in women, only when they're young and fresh. They don't improve with age, like wine. Do they? It makes no difference how silly or selfish a girl is while she



CITY OF VENICE.

in the world to her own sex, jealously reserving every charm and fascination for her male captives, who delighted in her helplessness, dependence, and ignorance, so long as they were the accompaniments of a pretty face. Now, alas! that the beauty is departing, and the face is growing lined with such marks as shallow selfishness and vanity always bring; now that the emptiness of an uncultured mind and heart are writing their tell-tale secrets upon the cheek and forehead, in spite of the arts of the toilet, which Laura understands so well—the artistic little pencillings at the corners of the eyes; the slight infusion of dangerous drugs that make a faded complexion look clear for the time being—in spite of all these things, the fact now is plain that Laura Lovering is a female incubus somebody has always got to carry about.

Deliver me from the woman who has the traditions of a youth of beauty to fall back upon. "Has been" of all kinds are to be shunned, but your "has been belle" is the worst of the class.

Laura's husband, "poor Mr. Lovering," as she is pleased to call him, and I think the term a happy one, died some years ago, leaving her what she has since been—a migratory widow with three or four ungoverned, tur-



FUNERAL RITES OF A YOUNG GIRL AT VENICE.—(After a French Painting by M. Gendron.)

has pink cheeks and bright eyes, and a nicely-rounded form; but these charms departed, presto! she is simply unendurable."

Theatres and Amusements.

LYCEUM.—Italian Opera Buffa Company every evening.
DRURY-LANE.—Rule Britannia!—The Dragon of Wantley. Seven.
HAYMARKET.—The Poor Soldier.—(At a Quarter to Eight) The Palace of Truth.—Uncle's Will.—Family Jars. Seven.
ADELPHI.—That Rascal Jack.—(At Half-past Seven) Deadman's Point.—(At Ten) Our Female American Cousin. Seven.
PRINCESS'S.—The Happy Man.—(At Half-past Seven) King of Scots.—He's a Lunatic. Seven.
GAIRY.—Ballet.—A Christmas Story.—(At Nine) Aladdin the Second. Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—A Day After the Wedding.—(At a Quarter-past Eight) Twist and Turn. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Poppleton's Predicaments.—(At a Quarter to Eight) Nell—Paul and Virginia. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—To Oblige Bonson.—(At Eight) Naval Engagements.—(At Nine) Vesta.—(At Eleven) An Unhappy Pair. Seven.
STRAND.—Who Speaks First.—Up in the World.—Cœur de Lion. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—The Locked In.—(At Eight) Ours. Half-past Seven.
HOLBORN.—Jezebel.—(At Nine) The Ticket-of-Leave Man. Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—Diamond Cut Diamond.—(At a Quarter-past Eight) Dora's Device.—Whittington Junior and his Sensation Cat. Half-past Seven.
VAUDEVILLE.—Chiselling.—(At a Quarter to Eight) Two Roses.—(At Ten) Elizabeth. Seven.
ROYAL CHARING-CROSS.—French Plays every evening. Eight.
OPERA COMIQUE.—The Welsh Girl.—Found Drowned.—The Comical Conquest. Seven.
ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Turn Him Out.—Randall's Thumb.—Q. E. D. Seven.
JURRY.—Farce.—My Son Jack. Seven.
NEW NATIONAL STANDARDS.—Ride a Cock Horse to Banbury Cross. Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS.—Equestrian and other Performances. Seven. Morning Performances every Wednesday and Saturday.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open at Ten.
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.—Christy Minstrels. Every Evening at Eight. Wednesdays and Saturdays, Three and Eight.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TISSAND'S.—Waxwork Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

FEB. 19. SUNDAY.—Shrove Sunday. New moon at 1.49 P.M.
20. Monday.
21. Tuesday.—Shrove Tuesday.
22. Wednesday.—Ash Wednesday.
23. Thursday.—Sun rises 7.1 A.M.
24. Friday.—Twilight ends 7.22 P.M.
25. Saturday.—Clock before sun 13m. 19sec.

Our Letter Basket.

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Advertisements, and Communications intended for the Editor, should be sent to the General Office, 97, Fleet-street, E.C.

A LOOKER-ON.—To your first question, yes. In all such cases it is well to be guided by the conventionalities of the neighbourhood. To your second, we should say the signature must be considered merely indicative of friendship, unless accompanied by other and more incontestible signs of a "warmer feeling," as you express it.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—The bread is usually placed on the left side of the forks, near the handles, and these of course come to the left of the plate. The coffee after the dessert.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We fear there is no remedy for the stains. We will endeavour to ascertain for you the name of the publisher.

P. (Brighton).—We are not now likely to have much more skating weather, the season being too far advanced, or we would furnish a pattern for a good skating costume; but it would be useless to give one in anticipation of next winter, as the fashions may radically change. Had you written earlier, we should have been only too happy to assist you in this matter.

MRS. G. A. C.—Trim with velvet bands as near the colour of your dress as possible. Many ladies are using velveteen.

MISS ROSE.—If your lavender silk is trimmed with point lace you cannot wear a Valenciennes chemisette with it. Two kinds of lace on one dress would be in bad taste. Why not trim the dress with Valenciennes, as that lace is much used for trimming silks now? Your bridal veil will make a pretty over-skirt; but orange flowers should not be worn after the wedding day.

MRS. G. W. S.—Your dress will dye as well as any silk, but will look thin and flimsy, as all dyed silks do. It will, however, make a very good skirt, trimmed with flounces and worn with an over-skirt.

NELLY.—Bias velvet ruffles are the richest trimming of the season for your black or brown silk. Put four ruffles alternately silk and velvet on your skirt. Let each be a finger deep, lapping over the one below it, and as a heading for the group a bias velvet band with two upright pleated frills of velvet above it. With your velvet cascade you can then dispense with the over-skirt you dislike so much. Your commendation is very gratifying.

JUDITH.—It is a very pretty plan to trim the skirts of coloured suits with bias velvet four inches wide, scalloped on each edge, and finished with a Van Thumb fringe. Make merely a basque and long scalloped over-skirt of your poplin, and drape over a black silk skirt. Velveteen basques are still worn.—When a gentleman brings you home from a concert you may at least say, "You have given me a great pleasure," or "I have enjoyed the evening greatly."

IDA.—Bands of black velvet or of velveteen will be the prettiest trimming for your skirt. Then wear a black over-skirt, or else drape this skirt over a black one.

GABRIEL.—A fringing-needle, for ravelling silk into fringe, has lately been invented, and is in use on the Continent, but we have not yet met with it in London. It costs but a trifle, may be attached to any sewing machine, and makes more fringe in one hour than one person could make in a day with the fingers.

MARTIN.—The dry heat of the stove is undoubtedly injurious. A vessel of water should always be kept on the stove.—The elastic sponge mattresses are filled with prepared compressed sponge.—Scarabee is the fashionable green shade, with a tinge of red in it.

PHENIX.—Diamonds exposed to the intense heat produced by a condensed mixture of carbonic oxide and oxygen gas are fused and converted into a mass resembling coke. Heated

in the open air, they burn at the temperature used for melting silver, and are dissipated in the form of carbonic acid gas. When exposed to the concentrated rays of the sun in a powerful lens they burn with a blue, lambent flame.

NENA M.—We certainly shall not instruct you in the art of flirtation with pocket-handkerchiefs or anything else.

"SAD CASE OF DISTRESS."—We are requested to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums by Mrs. Strickland, in answer to the appeal in our columns on her behalf: Anonymous, 3s. 2d. (in postage stamps); M. A. B., 6s.; S. E. C., 1s. 8d. (in postage stamps).



SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1871.

DRAWING-ROOM alcoholisation, as it is euphoni-ously expressed, or, in plain English, secret tipping by ladies, is just now engaging a good deal of public attention, the ball having been set rolling by a clever article on the subject in the *Saturday Review*; the said article being, as we need scarcely remind our readers, marked by the exaggerations peculiar to the essayists of that journal when attacking ladies. The leading English medical journal, the *Lancet*, now, however, takes up the matter, and on such a subject should of course be able to speak with more authority than any mere literary scribe. The writer argues that two qualifications of the picture of lady-like tipping habits are needed. The apparent increase of the vice is not entirely a real increase; improved medical knowledge of the symptoms of chronic alcoholism having led to the detection of a great many cases of secret drinking which formerly would never have been suspected. And it is a great mistake to believe that the careless prescription of stimulants by doctors is so often the origin of drinking habits in women as might be gathered from the statements of such patients themselves. With these abatements, however, the *Lancet* admits both the increasing prevalence of intemperance among educated women, and the partial failure of medical men to see and act up to their duty in this matter. The fact is, there is growing up in too many families a hateful practice of allowing young girls between the ages of fifteen and twenty to take a considerable and even a large allowance of wine, on account of supposed "delicacy." The practice is utterly unjustified by any physiological need (in the absence of positive and very special disease); and the results, we believe, are most disastrous.

Disputes between operatives and their employers rarely have so direct an interest for ladies as does that referred to in our news columns, as raging between the weavers and a wealthy Blackburn firm; and we feel sure, Charles Reed and his novels notwithstanding, that this time at least the poor people "on strike" will have the sympathy of the public. The Lancashire manufacturer, it seems, has found that by injecting steam into his weaving shed he can not only weave an inferior quality of cotton, but that he can also adulterate the cloth by adding to its weight. The importance of this discovery will be apparent at once when we explain that in the Manchester market grey calicoes are chiefly sold by a standard of weight. To the unscrupulous in the trade this afforded a temptation which they could not resist, and for several years there was witnessed in some of the cotton manufacturing districts a most discreditable competition. The maker who succeeded in throwing the greatest weight into the scale carried the day, and in this scramble after profit neither the comfort nor the health of the operatives in the factories was for a single moment considered. Jets of steam were thrown into the rooms so profusely that sometimes a weaver could not see his neighbour who was within a few feet of him. The clothes of the workpeople were saturated with moisture, and in this condition at the end of the day's work they had to face a climate which is well known for being provocative of rheumatism and fever. The natural consequence followed—the health of the operatives was seriously affected. Of this we have very abundant evidence, and we are not surprised, therefore, that on the Blackburn firm in question determining thus to infuse steam through the rooms the workpeople should have protested.

The bird show which opened at the Crystal Palace last week, and was continued up to Thursday of this, proved a great success, for though the display was not a particularly large one, as regards quantity it was undoubtedly one of the best ever made at the Palace. This was all the more satisfactory, too, inasmuch as it had been feared that a bird show would have been unsuccessful, owing to the dryness of last spring, which rendered it extremely difficult to rear young birds,

and to the total cessation of importations from Germany and France. The result, however, showed, as we have seen, these fears to have been groundless. The entries numbered 968, and included 1,146 birds. The canaries were very fine, as well as numerous; and the Norwich, the Belgian, the London Fancy, and the mules were well represented by choice birds. A very fair show of British birds had been also sent, including bullfinches, goldfinches, linnets, skylarks, &c. Among the curiosities of these classes were a pied blackbird, a mealy blackbird, a white linnet, and a cinnamon goldfinch. Coming to foreign birds, we should note that Mr. W. B. Bailey exhibited a most beautiful pennant and a rock pebler of fine plumage, as well as a fine blue mountain lory-keet, while Mr. T. Newmarch's mealy rosella was a bird of singularly beautiful plumage, and Mr. J. Judd's torquosines were extremely fine. The gentlemen who acted as judges were Messrs. J. Jenner Weir, F.L.S., Harrison Weir, F.R.H.S., Arthur Wilmore, J. Barnesby, and T. Moore, assisted by Mr. Wilson, and they had an arduous task to select the best out of so many good specimens. On Tuesday the attractions of the show were increased by an interesting collection of choice pigeons, which the members of the National Peristeric Society lent for the occasion.

The Registrar-General's quarterly return just issued of marriages, births, and deaths in England up to December of last year, presents many facts of sufficient interest to engage the attention of even the general reader, who usually has a very wholesome dread of tabulated statements, or indeed of statistics in any form. Thus, as regards marriages, we learn that those of 87,818 persons were recorded last summer, being in the ratio of 15.76 annually to every 1,000 of the population; the average annual marriage-rate for the season is 16.36 per 1,000, or .6 above the rate of the last summer quarter. The highest summer marriage-rate during the last ten years was 17.32 in 1865; the rates in the following summers have successively declined to 17.28, 16.30, 15.92, 15.88, and 15.76. In London and the extra metropolitan parts of Middlesex, Kent, and Surrey, in Sussex, Hants, Oxfordshire, Wilts, Devonshire, Cornwall, Gloucestershire, Rutlandshire, Lincolnshire, and North Wales, marriages were less numerous than in three preceding summers; there was an increase in the counties of Bedford, Cambridge, Suffolk, Norfolk, Somerset, Salop, Stafford, Worcester, Warwick, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Chester, Lancaster, in the East and West Ridings of Yorkshire, in the four northern counties, and in Monmouthshire. So far as the public health is concerned, the past quarter has proved a very fatal one, the death-rate being 0.53 above the average of the ten previous autumn quarters. Even Brighton has been unhealthy; the deaths exceeding the average deaths by 52. There were here 31 deaths from small-pox, 39 from scarlet fever, and 10 from diphtheria. The practice of families attacked by or convalescent from communicable diseases resorting to the watering places is scarcely fair, either to the residents or to people who seek invigoration and refreshment after toil from the sea breezes. And where the uninfected children of a family are carried to these distant places, if they escape attack in their new lodgings, they are often attacked on their return, and thus protract the disease. Among strangers, too, they are more likely to die, as they rarely get the attention to be counted on at home. So that by a natural law the disregard of the safety of the community falls back upon the offenders. When the sanitary condition of a house is irretrievably bad, its inmates should be removed into more favourable conditions, but not in ordinary cases. The dispersion of scholars propagates infectious diseases, unless due precaution is taken; thus the registrar of Wells (Norfolk) states that the girls affected at a school in that town were dispersed, and were the means of spreading the epidemic, from which three deaths occurred, in the parish of Binham.

New Books.

Birds and Flowers, by MARY HOWITT (T. Nelson and Sons) is one of those sumptuous volumes—even in these days of rapid book multiplication, none too common—in which the literature and illustrations, the printing and paper, are all alike excellent. Mary Howitt's verses have been given in many forms to the public, and never have they had a more beautiful setting than the eighty-seven drawings by Giacomelli with which they are here embellished. The handsome little volume is undoubtedly one of the most attractive juvenile gift-books of the season.

Debrett's Baronetage and Peerage (Dean and Son) have once more made their annual appearance, and are in every way worthy of the high and distinctive reputation for completeness and accuracy that they have so long held. Both works are corrected to the 31st December, 1870, and, amongst other things, we learn from their pages that during the past year death removed 23 peers, 20 peeresses, 1 bishop, 33 baronets, and 23 knights, the average ages of the first-mentioned being 68, and of the two last 70. On the other hand, two new peerages were created, and two eldest sons of peers were called to the Upper House during the lifetime of their fathers. The

CONSUMPTION IS CURABLE.—A new and popular treatise is just published, fourth edition, revised and enlarged, entitled "On Consumption of the Lungs," explaining the treatment and certain cure by a newly-discovered method, by S. Berry Niblett, M.D. May be obtained, post free, for seven stamps, from the Author, 10, West Terrace, Hyde-park, London.

Work-table.

Figs. 39 to 41.—LAMP-GLASS COVER IN THE SHAPE OF A FUCHSIA.

This cover is made of red and violet cloth. Begin with the stamens, which are made of a crochet chain in double red netting silk, with a crystal bead threaded on at the bottom (see fig. 41), then take 4 thin wires 7 inches long, and wind them round with red floss silk and twist them together, fastening the stamens round them and adding small red cloth leaves, likewise tied tightly on to the wires. Now cut, from illustration 40, 8 pieces of violet cloth, overcast the edges, and arrange them round a cardboard tube. For the outer petals, cut out, from illustration 39, 4 pieces of cardboard, and cover them on both sides with red cloth, overcasting the edges, and working the veining on the outside. Gum these 4 leaves on to the tube; then cover the tube with a piece of red cloth from illustration, fastening it on with long stitches of red cloth; gather it up at the top, and draw the wires through a large bead.



Fig. 40.—DETAIL OF LAMP-GLASS COVER (39).

loop on to the 5 double stitches of the last row, and 2 chain stitches between each of these leaves. Repeat from *. Finish the rosette with a row of double stitches.

The Newest Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION ILLUSTRATIONS.

Figs. 43 to 45.—DINNER AND INDOOR TOILETS.

43.—Dinner dress, with train skirt of black velvet, trimmed with three cross-cut bands of gros-grain silk, piped on either side with satin, and ornamented with satin rosettes. Lace scarf, arranged as a tunic, with the ends looped carelessly over each other. Plain bodice and hanging sleeves, trimmed with lace.

44. Indoor dress composed of a quilted satin petticoat, with a long tunic upper-skirt of Irish poplin; the front of this skirt simulates a deep scallop edged with fringe, and the back is arranged into a puffed panier with train. Jacket bodice cut square in front; the basque is ornamented at each point with tassels. Wide coat-sleeve with lace cuffs. Pleated muslin chemisette.

45. Costume for a little boy between six and eight years old, made of black velvet, and trimmed with braid and buttons. Fluted cambric collar and cuffs.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

The strong Bruges lace is now being used on many garments in lieu of Valenciennes. Skirts of infants' robes and petticoats have row after row of Bruges insertion, separated by a cluster of tucks. Bruges lace of a corresponding design edges the skirt. Berceannettes are covered Swiss muslin lined with blue or rose-coloured silk, and trimmed with Bruges insertion and

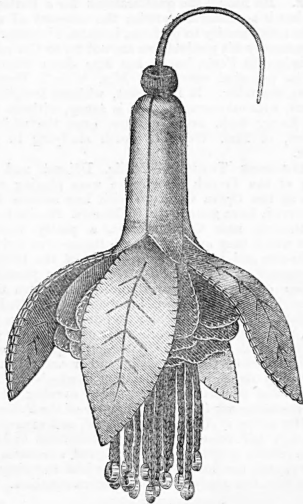


Fig. 39.—LAMP-GLASS COVER IN THE SHAPE OF A FUCHSIA.

edging. Berceannettes are dotted or lined over cambric, and a fluted ruffle, half Bruges. The kilt little boys coats are pretreated with diamond buttons. They dark plum, cloth, or of

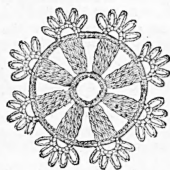


Fig. 42.—ROSETTE IN TATTING AND CROCHET.

Plainer berfitted up with sprigged musloured cam finished with half muslin, edging.

suits worn by still in pettiti season with shaped gilt are made of blue, or grey Scotch plaids

of gay colour. Black braid binding is the only trimming. Two rosettes are placed on the skirt on the right side just where the pleats are left off, and the front becomes plain.

Braiding is the fashionable trimming for children's clothing. Rich, thick patterns like heavy embroidery are braided on merino dresses in soutache or star braid of the colour of the dress. Little dresses of black velvet braided with white soutache are also exceedingly stylish. The skirt is but little gored, and is box-pleated to a plain waist that fastens behind. A belt with square tabs makes this look dressy. Both high and low-necked waists are worn, the latter being made comfortable by under-waists of tucked and puffed muslin, worn over high-necked merino vests.

MORNING WRAPPERS.

Cashmere is the traditional stuff for a wrapper, just as satin is for a wedding dress. Its soft pliability gives an air of ease and graceful negligence foreign to stiff, heavy fabrics. Figured cashmires and the pattern robes with gaudy borders of huge palm leaves are now seldom worn. They do not go advantageously, and are too "gorgeous" altogether. The fancy at present is for cashmere of a single colour, rich, warm, yet quiet, with trimming of a different tint, either lighter or darker. A contrast between the gown and trimming is seldom seen except on white or black wrappers. Violet, blue, or crimson borders white wrappers prettily, while black cashmires are enlivened by two or three bands, each an inch wide, of gay embroidery.

In selecting cashmere for a wrapper, that called drap de France, the lightest quality of French cashmere, is preferable to heavier goods, or the cloth-like drap d'été. This goods has only been in the market since the revival of cashmere for costume. It has a fine closely-woven twill, very different from the sleazy coarse-twilled cashmere formerly used. It is three-fourths of a yard wide.

A border of quilted silk is the popular trimming for cashmere robes de chambre. It should be very lightly wadded, and must be quilted in very small diamonds. It may be perfectly straight, with a passementerie cord on the edge, or else cut in a design. For brunettes, a salmon-coloured wrapper with brown silk border is usually becoming; blondes wear blue with darker blue border; rose-colour with a crimson border is worn by both light and dark ladies. Passementerie garnishes the newest wrappers. For instance, one of black cashmere is edged with a bias fold of gros grain two inches wide, above which is a row of fern-leaf passementerie intermingled with jet. The pockets, broad silk cuffs, and collar have passementerie ornaments. This garment is not intended for an elderly lady or for mourning, as might be supposed, but is worn by a brilliant young brunette, who wears black because it is becoming and stylish. A tasteful yet simple trimming, seen also on the newest garments, is folds of cashmere of a contrasting colour. A model of this kind is a white cashmere robe lined throughout with Florence silk of a dark mauve shade. A ten-inch flounce round the dress is edged and headed by three narrow, overlapping folds of mauve cashmere. The folds continue up the fronts outside of the mauve buttons. There is a hood of mauve cashmere, and



Fig. 41.—DETAIL OF LAMP-GLASS COVER (39).



Figs. 43 to 45.—DINNER AND INDOOR TOILETS.

a broad mauve cuff on the half open sleeve. Braiding is revived for trimming wrappers. The most stylish are not trimmed all round with a straggling vine in the old-fashioned way, but merely on the collar, cuffs, belt, pockets, and at intervals on the front widths. Vines are

Plum-coloured, invisible green, and navy blue wrappers, trimmed in this way, are in refined taste. Another wrapper worthy of mention is of ladies' cloth, mazarin blue, trimmed with bands of chinchilla fur. This was made for a trousseau, and is more odd and peculiar than

with some soft cambric that will not rustle. Modistes do not cut the pleats in the lining of wrappers, but arrange them on the outer stuff, and then sew down the lining to cover the pleats. Heavy materials need only be lined to the belt, but this much is necessary for comfort, and to

A.D. 1779.

A.D. 1793.

A.D. 1833.



A.D. 1801-11.

A.D. 1840-54.

A.D. 1861.

THE CAPRICES OF FASHION.—(To be continued.)

abolished, and clusters are preferred, representing involved squares, triangles of Grecian designs, arabesques, or palm-leaves thickly braided and often inwrought with embroidery. But a single colour appears in this garniture, and that is always a darker tint than the dress.

pretty, as furs always seem unfit for house dresses. Very long wrappers are not in good taste. From an eighth to a quarter of a yard added to the back widths of a skirt of walking-dress length makes sufficient train. If the fabric is not very heavy line the garment throughout

prevent the wrapper from being soiled in wearing. Large button moulds, covered with the material of the trimming, fasten the front of the garment, or else an understrap is used for small button-holes, and bows are placed up the entire front. The last plan is most dressy, and in plain

The Earl and Countess of Glasgow and Lady Gertrude

CACAOINE.—Cocoa nibs on the removal of the oil fall into powder and this powder is Cacaoine. Cacaoine contains neither sugar nor any other admixture whatever. Cacaoine makes one of the lightest, thinnest of warm drinks, and is the most desirable of all for use in the treatment of the febrile stage of this day. Cacaoine, by reason of the ingenious method by which the oil is removed, preserves all the fine natural flavour of the cocoa nibs.—Prepared only by James Epps and Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, 112, Great Russell-street; 170, Piccadilly; and 48, Threadneedle-street; and at their Works for Dietetic Preparations, Euston-road.

General News of the Week.

MRS. GLADSTONE, the wife of the Premier, has offered two houses at Clanton, to be used temporarily as a Small-pox Convalescent Home.

Miss Garrett, M.D., was married at an early hour on Thursday morning last week to Mr. Anderson. The pair have left on a short wedding tour in Wales.

Brighton is again selected as the spot upon which the Volunteer Review is to take place on Easter Monday, and a better selection could not have been made.

FINDING A LADY'S BODY.—The body of Miss Gurden, an aged lady, who, it was supposed, committed suicide by drowning herself in the Cherwell, at Oxford, about two months ago, has just been discovered in the Isis at Kennington Island.

RISE IN THE PRICE OF PROVISIONS.—In consequence of the demand for Paris, fish has become scarce in the London market. Cod-fish, which were selling at 3s., are now 10s. Turkeys are realising 15s. each. Most of the fishing-boats have taken their cargoes to Boulogne.

TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.—It is estimated that 150 women and children have perished through the explosion of a cartridge factory in Dunkirk, France. The building was entirely of wood. It was almost impossible to save any one. The scenes amongst the population are described as heartrending.

A COTTON MILL DESTROYED BY FIRE.—A most destructive fire broke out a few mornings ago, at the cotton mill of Messrs. Ermine and Eagles, at Eccles, about three miles from Manchester. Before the fire could be got under the mill was completely destroyed. The damage is estimated at upwards of 50,000l. Nine hundred hands will be thrown out of employment. Part of the loss is covered by insurance.

SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF FORTY LIVES.—By the arrival of the Bombay mail we have particulars respecting the foundering of the steamer General Outram on the Bombay coast, off Rutnagher, on the 15th of January, and the loss of forty lives, as nearly as can at present be estimated. The General Outram was well known as one of a line of steamers which conveyed cargo and passengers from Bombay every week to various ports.

A "CRÈCHE" IN THE EAST-END.—There is now open for inspection at 16, Stepney-caneway, Commercial-road, an institution projected by Mrs. Hilton, a member of the Society of Friends, on the model of the "Crèche à Bruxelles." In one compartment are thirty cots for babies, and in another a variety of appliances for the amusement and instruction of young children, while their mothers are out at work. Among the contributors are Lady Victoria Buxton, Lady Lawson, Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., Mrs. J. Gurney Barclay, Mrs. G. W. Alexander, &c.

PLATE ROBBERY.—On Monday morning some one entered Ledsham Vicarage, Cheshire, by the front door, proceeded from the entrance-hall into the dining-room, and carried off a silver tea-pot, tea-caddy, and other articles, which had just been put upon the table for breakfast. The robbery was discovered shortly after, and immediate search was made for the thief, but with what success we are not told. It is supposed the thief had but half an hour to spare before the house till his opportunity occurred. The whole of the plate on the table was not taken, a silver cream-jug and other articles being left untouched.

THE CENSUS.—The arrangements for taking the census of 1871 are now fully determined, and the necessary instructions have been forwarded to every superintendent registrar and registrar throughout the United Kingdom. The time fixed for the enumeration is midnight on Sunday, April 2, and every person then living is to be recorded in a schedule to be gathered in on Monday, the 3rd. It is desired not only to count, but to take down the names of the heads of families and of all related to them, with the conjugal condition, age, sex, rank or profession, and birthplace of every person either resident in the United Kingdom or belonging to its people.

ENGLISH HOMES.—Last week a committee of the Holborn Board of Works started upon a tour to inspect some of the disgraceful localities that exist in the neighbourhood, and their experience convinced them that it would take very little to make these so many enormous plague-spots in the metropolis. Dr. Gibson informed the committee that even after what they had seen, the worst places still remained unvisited; for instance, in Bell's-court, the families would be found living in cellars where no light except from rushlights ever entered. We are not surprised at a fever and small-pox raging in these districts.

THE DOWRY TO THE PRINCESS LOUISE.—It may be interesting to know that the 22nd February, 1869, Mr. Gladstone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Administration of Lord Russell, moved the settling of a dowry of 30,000l., with an annuity of 6,000l., on the Princess Helena upon her marriage; and an annuity of 15,000l. to Prince Alfred on his coming of age. The proposal was seconded by Mr. Disraeli, and carried unanimously. The grants to the Princess Royal in 1857, to the Princess Alice in 1862, and to the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1865, were made in the Premiership of Lord Palmerston.

MOTHS AND PAWN-BROKERS.—Mr. John W. Casey, pawnbroker, was summoned at Worship-street for having negligently kept a certain article pledged with him so as to depreciate it in value. A widow named Rose stated that in June she pledged a black shawl, and on redeeming it in January found that moths had eaten holes in it, and so injured and disfigured it as to render it unfit for wear. She valued the article at 12s. Defendant said he used every means to protect the property pledged with him. The shawl was placed with many others, and none of them were moth-eaten. Mr. Bushby said defendant must pay 12s., the value of the shawl, and 2s. costs. Mr. Casey expressed a wish to appeal, but the magistrate said that the statute did not give him the liberty.

A LADY ATTACKED BY BUGIARS.—An extraordinary chloroform raid took place at Stamford-hill, a few evenings ago. Shortly after five o'clock Mrs. Novell, the wife of an accountant in the City, who lives at 5, Sydney-place, Stamford-hill, on going upstairs to her bedroom, was seized on the landing by a man and a youth, forced into a bedroom, and a cloth saturated with chloroform applied to her nose and mouth until she became insensible. The cries she uttered during the struggle, however, alarmed two female friends whom she had left downstairs, and the servants, and two men in the employ of a neighbouring builder were called in. The bedroom door, however, was found to be locked on the inside, and the men tried to burst it open, but said they could not. They then procured a ladder and placed it against the window but were afraid to enter. At length Mr. Newell arrived home from the City, immediately mounted the ladder, and entered the room by the window, when he found his wife lying insens-

sible on the floor. It was then discovered that the thieves had broken open one of the drawers, stolen a lady's gold chain, three 6l. Bank of England notes, and 35l. in gold, and had then escaped. It is believed that they made their entrance through the window from the roof, and escaped the same way. It was some time before Mrs. Newell recovered.

CRYSTAL PALACE BIRD SHOW.—An exhibition of canaries and other birds has been the chief attraction of the week at the Crystal Palace. The prizes were "awarded for beauty of plumage, quality, and high condition, not for singing or talking," and that fact may account (unless fright may be a more satisfactory explanation) for the general silence observed by the more, as well as the less, melodious specimens. It may be mentioned that "a coloured specimen having been discovered among those exhibited by Mr. Jerram, of Nottingham," the judges made a public declaration that they had "decided to exclude the whole of his birds entered in the show."

SENDING BAD MEAT TO MARKET.—A case of selling bad meat has just come before the county justices at Coventry. Mr. John Moore, butcher, of Attleborough, was charged with exposing for sale in Bedworth-market a quantity of meat which was utterly unfit for human food. There were twenty-five joints which the medical officer of the union declared to be at the time of seizure in a putrid state. The defendant had been fined in that court 20l. for a similar offence in 1862, and in April last he had been sent to gaol for three months by Sir Robert Carden, at the Guildhall, London, for sending diseased meat to the London market. The bench remarked on the enormity of the offence, and sentenced the defendant to three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

DOCKYARD EMIGRANTS TO CANADA.—The Emigration Commissioners have published a satisfactory report of the emigrants who went from Her Majesty's dockyards to Canada in the Crocodile. The whole of them—namely, 147 married men and their wives, 163 single men, 101 single women, 162 boys, and 144 girls of above one year old, 42 infants, and a few families of pensioners—arrived out in good health, and were dispatched to the various agencies. The Dominion Government granted them all free transport, at a total cost of 428l. 18s. 8d. In less than a fortnight all had found employment. The emigrants by the *Tamar* had also reached their destination, and were, with few exceptions, ready for work. The reports received from the interior of the country are very encouraging.

LOOK TO YOUR DRAWERS WHEN MOVING.—At the Middlesex Sessions, an oft-convicted thief, named Thomas Roberts, was found guilty of a robbery, perpetrated under somewhat singular circumstances. The prosecutor was removing his furniture from one residence to another, and after a van-load had been dispatched, the prisoner, who was employed to assist, obtained possession of a small table, which he said he was to take after the van. The prisoner, it is conjectured, must have known that the table drawn contained valuables, and he thus obtained 81l. 6s. in gold, silver, and copper coin, and a quantity of jewelry worth 120l. The table, as to its contents had not been recovered, and sentence was deferred, with a hope that the prisoner might give information as to the lost property.

MORE NEW POISONS.—The *Medical Press and Circular* has been informed of the existence of a most deadly poison, by the inhalation of which, simply through the medium of a letter sent by post in the ordinary way, the reader will suddenly drop down dead, with all the symptoms of asphyxia. The position and acquirements of our informant (the journal in question says) should place his evidence beyond suspicion; nevertheless, before giving entire credence to such a startling report, we are anxious to obtain confirmatory evidence from any of our readers in whose minds suspicions of foul play have arisen when investigating cases of sudden death, and what such symptoms were; certainly, the following clipping from a Canadian paper, relative to the recent sudden death of a person of note, looks very ugly: "He received an anonymous letter, and while reading it he fell down insensible, and shortly after expired. It is said the letter contained some poisonous substance."

AGITATION ON THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.—The *Scotman* reports a public meeting in Edinburgh, called at the instance of the Scottish Branch of the Marriage Law Defence Association, for the consideration of the Marriage Affinity Bill. The principal speakers were Mr. A. Campbell Swinton (who presided), Dr. Charles Brown, and Dr. Guthrie; and the meeting resolved, first, that a change in the law legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister was against the Divine precept, would bring about a conflict between civil and ecclesiastical law, and would be destructive to some of the best relationships of social life. The meeting further resolved to send Dr. Brown and Mr. D. F. Sandford to London, as a deputation to the parent society at its approaching meeting there, and to wait upon the Lord Advocate and other members of the Government in order to represent to them the views of the Scottish branch of the Association upon this question.

A PRECIOUS CHILD.—In a case which came before the magistrate at Clerkenwell Police-court the other day, Sarah Ann Banks, aged thirteen, was charged with stealing half-a-sovereign, the property of her aunt. From the evidence of that lady it seems that Miss Banks's conduct for some time past has not been altogether satisfactory. Once before she has been charged with robbing her aunt, and since then she has robbed the lodgers in the house; indeed, the aunt said that scarcely a day passed but she cut up the household linen and sold it for rags. The other day she stole half-a-sovereign out of a box; and said the aunt, "she had given the defendant into custody because she could do nothing with her, and because she was a confirmed drunkard." She had, in fact, it seemed, drunk four and a half gallons of beer in a week. She had got, though the key was removed. This precious child was remanded to see if she could be got into a reformatory.

A REMARKABLE BILL FOR REGULATING THE SALE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS.—In the House of Representatives at Washington, on the 4th ult., there was read twice, referred to the committee for the District of Columbia, and ordered to be printed, a remarkable Bill, which is provided "That in the District of Columbia, and in all the territories of the United States, every wife, child, parent, guardian, husband, employer, or other person, who shall be injured in person, property, means of support, or otherwise, by any intoxicated person, or by reason of the intoxication of any person, direct or indirectly, shall have a right of action in his or her own name against any person or persons who shall, by action or giving any intoxicating liquor, or other means have caused or contributed to such intoxication, or shall have caused, in whole or in part, the intoxication of such person or persons. And in any such action the plaintiff shall have a right to recover past, prospective, and exemplary damages. And in every action by any wife or husband, general reputation of the relation of husband and wife shall be sufficient evidence of such

relation, and the amount recovered by every wife shall be her sole and separate property." This is "Woman's Rights" with a vengeance, and if it passed into a law will throw upon the person selling the liquor and the owner of the property in which it is sold the burden of nine-tenths of the poverty, pauperism and crime of the country. We expect America, with all its go-ahead notions is hardly prepared for such a sweeping measure as this, although no doubt men and women would vote in its favour.

MURDER OF A CHILD BY DROWNING.—On Saturday information was issued that a verdict of "Wilful murder" had been returned against Ellen Buntree for the wilful murder of her child by drowning it in the Green-hill-park Pond, at Walsford. The accused is a widow, and about twenty or twenty-one years of age, and about the 19th of January she left some friends, having her child, about six weeks of age in her arms, and after going to meet a young man who was paying his addresses to her, she returned to her companions without the child. When questioned about it she said she had left it at a friend's at the bottom of the hill, but a few days afterwards it was found in the before-mentioned pond floating on the top of the water. The medical evidence proved that death was caused by asphyxia, consequent upon drowning. The mother had since absconded. The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against the mother, and there is no doubt that a reward will be at once offered for her apprehension.

NOT OBLIGED TO MARRY HIM.—At Clerkenwell, a young girl of respectable appearance applied to the sitting magistrate for advice. She stated that she had, since childhood, been under the protection of her mother's friends, and, having arrived at the age of sixteen, she was surprised to find that her father wished to compel her to be married to a man of the name of Stansfield, of Shepherd's-bush. She had given him no encouragement—in fact, she had only seen him once or twice; but, though she had expressed her antipathy to Whistling, her father wanted to compel her to marry him. She wished to know whether her father had a right to marry her against her wish. The magistrate said that the applicant was now of an age to judge for herself. She could not be compelled to enter into a contract of any kind against her will. The applicant asked if she could be compelled to go home, and the reason why she especially wanted to know was because she was afraid that if she went home the intentions of her parents were not honourable towards her. The magistrate said that she could not be forced to go home unless she pleased. Whatever was the opinion of her parents, they could not compel her to marry against her will.

HOW SMALL-POX IS SPREAD.—At Bow-street, Elizabeth Houghton was charged with being drunk and incapable. Her excuse was that she had become so exhausted with attending her children, who had laid up with small-pox, that she took a little drink, which soon produced an effect upon her. Mr. Flowers referred to the importance of having a special room at the court for such cases. For the want of better accommodation the defendant had to be placed in the gaoler's room, among the constables and prisoners waiting for their cases to come on. Mr. Flowers had noticed recently one or two other cases here of exactly the same nature. Later in the day, when the summonses were called on a week ago, young man Leary failed to attend. William Buck, the warrant officer attached to the court, said that when he served the summons he discovered that the defendant's daughter was suffering from small-pox, and he told the defendant not to attend. Mr. Flowers accordingly adjourned the case. A police-constable stated, however, that he had seen the woman Leary loitering about the passage of the court earlier in the day.

A VIOLENT SWEETHEART.—At the Thames Police-court Edward Smith, described as a tall, well-developed young man, has been charged with violently assaulting Jane Fuller, described as "a rather pretty and delicate-looking girl of seventeen." The complainant said she had been "keeping company" with the prisoner, who was jealous of her without any reason. He beat her on the Saturday night because she would not accompany him to the Foresters Music-hall, and he also threatened to murder her. On the Monday night he met her again in Oxford-street, Stepney, and struck her repeatedly about the head and face, and knocked her down. She fell on the back of her head, and but for her chin, which broke the full force of the blow, she would have been killed. The prisoner in defence said that he loved the girl as he loved his life. When she found he had got no money her love grew cold. Mr. Leary said that the young woman had a perfect right to discard her lover if she thought proper. He sentenced the prisoner to one month's hard labour.

ACTION FOR DELAYED MARRIAGE.—An action against a clergyman for delaying a marriage has just been decided by the judge of the Shetlesbury County-court in Dorset. The defendant was the Rev. Mr. Teasdale, rector of Hinton St. Mary, and *et al.* was the suit claimed from him. The plaintiff, a labourer named Baverstock, had the banns published, and sent a letter to the bride requesting her to arrange for the wedding on the 15th, at eleven o'clock. On the Monday night the woman saw the clerk, and when requested by him to go to the rector, who lived five miles off (in consequence of repairs going on at the parsonage house), she refused to do so. A boy took the message, but the rector could not marry the couple at the time stated. The wedding feast was prepared, and the marriage party travelled thirteen miles by trap to the church, but there was no one to perform the ceremony. For the defence it was contended that the clergyman was the proper person to fix the time of the marriage, and that on the authority of Lord Denman the action could not lie unless malice was proved. His honour said the whole mischief arose from the unbusinesslike manner in which the plaintiff had managed the affair. Judgment was given for the defendant, each party to pay their own costs.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS CHARGED WITH ROBBERY.—At Marylebone Caroline Cherry, sixteen, a domestic servant, was brought up, on remand charged with stealing a sovereign from Miss Rosina Durham, at No. 16, Need-terrace, Harrow-road. The prosecutrix said that on the 3rd inst. she lost a sovereign from a jewel-box which stood on a chest of drawers in her bedroom. The prisoner, who was servant in the house, was to have left at three in the afternoon, but went away at the 6 o'clock train. Henry James, 14 X, resident in the neighbourhood, saw the clerk, and when requested by him to go to the rector, who lived five miles off (in consequence of repairs going on at the parsonage house), she refused to do so. A boy took the message, but the rector could not marry the couple at the time stated. The wedding feast was prepared, and the marriage party travelled thirteen miles by trap to the church, but there was no one to perform the ceremony. For the defence it was contended that the clergyman was the proper person to fix the time of the marriage, and that on the authority of Lord Denman the action could not lie unless malice was proved. His honour said the whole mischief arose from the unbusinesslike manner in which the plaintiff had managed the affair. Judgment was given for the defendant, each party to pay their own costs.

A BRAVE GIRL.—A burglary of a most daring character was committed on Saturday night at the house of Mr. R. Macleish, White Swan, Upper Priory, Birmingham. Between the hours of nine and ten o'clock the servant girl, Lizzie Marlow, was proceeding to a bedroom on the second story in the front part of the house, and when passing through the sitting-room over the bar she was met by a middle-aged man, who seized her by the arms and, looking fiercely at her, threatened to "blow her brains out" if she made the least noise. The girl struggled with the ruffian however, and releasing herself from his grip, ran downstairs screaming loudly for help, and stating that there was a man in the bedroom. The meanwhile the man ran through an adjoining room into another bedroom at the back of the house, looking into the yard, and jumped through the window, making his escape. It was found that the chest of drawers in the bedroom to which the girl was going when she met the man had been burst open by a "jemmy," which the thief had left behind him, and a search soon showed that four gold rings, a gold chain, and a seal, to the value of about 5*l.*, had been stolen.

LOVE AND SUICIDE.—Dr. Hardwicke, the deputy coroner for Central Middlesex, has held an inquest at the Royal Free Hospital on the body of Ann, Rothen, aged twenty-one years, a domestic servant, who expired from the effects of vitriol taken by her. About nine months since she entered the service of Mr. Taylor, a gold-chain manufacturer, Bowling-green-lane, Clerkenwell, when an intimacy sprang up between her and a son named William Taylor. The father disapproved of the match on account of his son's age, he being only eighteen years old, and threatened to "cut him off with a shilling" if he did not break with deceased. In consequence the girl left, and, at her lover's request, went to reside with an aunt at No. 3, Boscomb-gardens, where she was visited by her lover's sister, who informed her that he wished to break off the engagement. On hearing this deceased purchased some vitriol, which she immediately swallowed. Mr. Thomas H. Murphy, house-surgeon Royal Free Hospital, said deceased expired on the 4th inst., from a perforation of the abdomen, the effects of the corrosive action of the sulphuric acid. Verdict, suicide while in a state of unsound mind.

HINT TO HOUSEWIVES.—The following paragraph is just now going the round of the newspapers: Strike of Weavers at Blackburn.—We learn by telegraph that 200 weavers employed at Blackburn have struck work in consequence of the firm infusing steam in weaving sheds—a process commonly adopted in that town for weighting the cloth and enabling manufacturers to use an oversized material. This practice was reported to the Privy Council as injurious to the health of the operatives, and one of the causes of the recent high death-rate in Blackburn. A rumour has been spread that the practice was about to become general at Messrs. — mills, and the weavers refuse to work until the steam pipes are removed. When we explain that this steaming of mill rooms is necessary in order that manufacturers may give artificial and fraudulent weight to their cotton cloth by mixing with it a large quantity of china clay or flour size (which housekeepers afterwards wash out of the fabrics with the first steeping), our readers will appreciate the unreasonable conduct of these selfish artisans, who refuse to be stewed and parboiled to a premature death in order to further aims so noble.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1871.—The buildings in which the Exhibition of 1871 will be held have been assigned by Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, R.E., and are to be of a permanent character. Those persons familiar with the Horticultural Gardens know the long ornamented arcades parallel with the Albert and Exhibition-roads. At the back of these arcades is a piece of waste ground, some 200 feet wide, extending to the road. On these strips of land the two main exhibition buildings are to be built. At their northern ends, these main buildings will be placed in communication with the conservatory of the Horticultural Gardens, and through it with the new Albert Hall of Arts (the grand promenade of which will be utilised for exhibition purposes, the educational collection being placed therein) by covered approaches, which are being made upon the top of the arcades connecting them with the conservatory. The southern ends of the main building will communicate with the permanent portion of the Exhibition building of 1862, which forms the southern boundary of the Horticultural Gardens. By this means, the building

will completely surround the gardens, to which the public will be admitted at certain times, and under special conditions, which have yet to be decided upon.

A DANGEROUS NEIGHBOUR.—At the Thames Police-court on Monday, Titus Ustaken, a Frenchman, was charged with being in the unlawful possession of a large quantity of gunpowder in a cartridge manufactory, at No. 3, Sanson-court, Mile-end-road. The defendant, it was stated, had gunpowder enough on his premises to destroy the whole neighbourhood in which he lived. On Friday last Inspector Sillifant heard that the prisoner was carrying on an illegal cartridge manufactory in Southwark, and obtained a warrant for the seizure of gunpowder and cartridges. Before the warrant could be executed the whole of the gunpowder and cartridges was removed to No. 3, Sanson-court, where Inspector Sillifant seized four barrels of gunpowder, weighing 12*lb.* each, a fifth barrel containing 50*lb.*, and 20,000 cartridges. The prisoner, another man, a boy, and a girl were engaged making up cartridges when the officers entered the house. The man was smoking a pipe, and there was a fire lighted in an open stove in the room where the powder was deposited.

Correspondence.

[We invite discussion on all subjects of interest to ladies, and it must be distinctly understood therefore, that by giving insertion to the letters of correspondents, we do not necessarily identify ourselves with the opinions of the writers.—E.D. L.O.F.]

OUR LITTLE CHILDREN.

To the Editor of the LADY'S OWN PAPER.

Sir,—Nobody can walk through the poorer districts of any large town without the heart aching, to see the amount of misery and suffering that must be endured by the dear little babies that are left to crawl about on the doorsteps, and be "lugged" about by mere infant sisters and brothers. Surely we are not surprised that one half of them do not survive the process of "dragging up." We know that in many instances parents are greatly to blame, but there still remains a very large number of mothers who are compelled to neglect their little ones in order to gain their daily living. Cannot something more be done for these little children? I think there can, and the mode of doing it is indicated by the Rev. F. Wilkinson, Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools for the County of Stafford, who, in describing the poor schools at Longton, calls special attention to the "Babies' Room." "Children are admitted here," he says, "when only a few months old, and are transferred from it to the infants' school as soon as they are able to walk and talk. An elderly person well skilled in the management of babies is appointed as mistress, or rather, I should say, as nurse; and in a place like Longton, where female labour is very valuable, and where many an infant would be completely neglected or left for hours in the charge of a sister who should be at school herself, and who, so far from being competent to take charge of another, is hardly fit to be trusted by herself, I consider this adjunct to the infants' school a very useful institution. Many persons might raise an objection to it as tending to relieve the mother of a responsibility clearly her own; but, while I fully recognise this as an evil, I am yet sure that in many a large manufacturing town the good to be done by such an institution far more than counteracts the evil." Surely this is an example which might be followed by other towns than Longton with the utmost advantage, nor am I quite sure that the various School Boards would be overlooking wasting their time in giving this subject their attention. Perhaps the lady members of the Board will introduce the subject.—I am, yours obediently,

A SYMPATHISING MOTHER.

Mr. E. L. Elliott, the well-known Druggist at 334, Bethnal-green-road, writes, July 6, 1869: "I found your Pain Killer in universal use in California, particularly for diarrhoea, dysentery, &c., and I never knew it fail to give relief. On one occasion, working in the mines, I tore nearly all the flesh from my fingers. I rubbed it up as well as I could in a cloth, saturated with your Pain Killer, and it was able to resume my work in three days afterwards.—T. Perry Davis & Son, London."

The Merry Hour.

(From Punch.)

THE BEST MAGAZINE.—Cereals for France. Mamma: "What is baby crying for, Maggie?" Maggie: "I don't know." Mamma: "And what are you looking so indignant about?" Maggie: "That nasty, greedy dog's been and took and eaten my 'pungie-take'." Mamma: "Why, I saw you eating a sponge-cake a minute ago!" Maggie: "O—that was baby's!"

(From Judy.)

A Pledge of Love.—Pawning the engagement ring. Home Music—Hus-bands. New NOVELS at ALL the LIBRARIES.—"The Sons of a Gun," by the Author of "The Canon's Daughters." "Spiders in the Curd," by the Author of "Webs in the Whey." "Toss for a Bull," by the Author of "A Cast for a Crown."

LATEST TELEGRAM.

Pius Bill to his Augusta.—The French have had another buster: Ten thousand Frenchmen more were flogged,—For this and others praise the Lord!

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

[These Announcements are inserted at the uniform rate of 2*s.* 6*d.* each.]

BIRTHS.

On the 6th instant, at Edinburgh, the wife of Alfred Robert Catton, Esq., daughter and heiress of the late Hugh Mackenzie, Esq., of Ardross and Dundonnell, Ross-shire, N.B., of a son and heir.

On the 12th instant, at St. Botolph Without, Bishopsgate, by the Rev. J. W. Wrench, M.A., George Innocent, second son of Mr. J. Groves, of Strete, Nottingham, to Sarah, youngest daughter of Mr. F. Groves, of Bishopsgate-street Without.

DEATHS.

On the 11th instant, at 2, Park-terrace, Highbury, Mr. H. Deane, aged eighty-two.

On the 12th instant, Mary, wife of the Rev. A. B. Evans, D.D., Rector of St. Mary-le-Strand.

"For a long period I have been subject to frequent attacks of lumbago, at times so severe as to totally unfit me for business. After trying many medicines, to little or no purpose, I was induced to use your Pain Killer, and the result was astonishing, for, after a few days, the pain left me entirely, and has not since returned.—J. J. Hornox, New Mills, Derbyshire, Nov., 1869.—To Perry Davis & Son."

FOR CASH.

The Lowest Priced Sewing Machine
WHEELER & WILSON

Sell, is the
LOCK-STITCH ELLIPTIC HAND MACHINE,

£5. 5. 0.

Next, A TREADLE MACHINE, LOCK-STITCH,

£6. 6. 0.

Then, A SILENT LOCK-STITCH,

£7. 7. 0.

Last and Best, A LOCK-STITCH SILENT—SILVER PLATED,

£8. 8. 0.

These are the Reduced Prices!
Machines supplied on Easy Terms, at an advance of £1. 1*s.* 6*d.* on each Machine. Particulars on application.

Chief Office—139, Regent Street, London.
Branch Office—43, St. Paul's Churchyard, London
73, Bold Street, Liverpool; 1, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin; 41, Commercial Street, Leeds; Exchange Buildings, Stephenson's Place, Birmingham; 31, London Street, Norwich; and 24, Cony Street, York.

SILKS! SILKS! SILKS!

CONSIGNMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

Valued at £27,000,

NOW ON SALE

AT

BAKER AND CRISP'S, 198, REGENT STREET.

WAR PANIC.

CAUTION.

The frightful consequences of the war on the Continent have, in more instances than one, been made the pretence upon which to effect the sale of SILKS that were never nearer to France than London: thus, we are necessitated to caution ladies to be assured that they are really buying goods actually consigned from Paris and Lyons by the manufacturers to us, in consequence of the unfortunate state of affairs in those cities.

Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP.

WAR PANIC.

In this very extensive collection of Goods, the very best qualities of BLACK SILKS—such as the Checheno de Soie, the Drap de France, the Drap de Lyons, the Poulé de Soie, the Grosgrain de Lyons—will be found marked down to nearly half the value.

BAKER and CRISP.

WAR PANIC.

£2,500 worth of Evening Silks, from 1 guinea to 5 guineas, Full Dress.
£2,000 worth of Lyons Broché, striped, checked, and fancy Silks, from 1 guinea to 10 guineas Full Dress, all half-price.
£1,150 worth of Lyons Silk Velvets, for robes, mantles, jackets, &c., from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 12*s.* per yard: only half the value.

WAR PANIC.

£1,500 worth of Japanese Silks, in every shade or colour, including black, white, and all the very richest Lyons Goods.

greatly reduced prices.

Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP'S, 198, Regent-street.

GREAT SALE.

BAKER and CRISP'S
SPRING NOVELTIES,
Silks,
Muslins,
Cambries,
Japanese Silks,
Piques,
Fédoras,
Costumes,
Curtains,
Gloves,
Ladies' Underclothing,
Hosiery,
Wedding,
Dinner Dresses.

198, Regent-street, W. Patterns free.

GREAT SALE.

CONSIGNMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

£27,000 Worth of
LYONS SILKS, French Muslins, Percelles,
Piques, Cambries, Brilliantes, &c.,
now selling at
BAKER and CRISP'S, 198, Regent-street.

GREAT SALE.

BAKER and CRISP'S
EARLY SPRING FOL DE CHEVRE,
Full Dress,
Evening, Wedding, and Dinner Wear.
Patterns free.—198, Regent-street.

GREAT SALE.

BAKER and CRISP'S
JAPANESE SILKS EXTRAORDINARY.
100 Shades of Colour.
2*s.* 6*d.* the Dress
of 12 yards, or 2*s.* 6*d.* the yard. Patterns free.
198, Regent-street.

GREAT SALE.

Patterns free.
GERMAN WASHING SILKS, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Full Dress.
BAKER and CRISP,
198, Regent-street.

GREAT SALE.

SPRING VELVETTES, The Patent
Molekin Finish, for
17*s.* 6*d.*
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street, W.

GREAT SALE.

SILK, WOOL, and WASHING GREENADINES,
for Evening, Wedding, or Dinner Wear.
The largest variety in London, from
1*s.* 6*d.* Full Dress.

GREAT SALE.

BAKER and CRISP'S EVENING, WEDDING, and
DINNER DRESSES.
The real Gaz de Chambrey,
and other exclusively new fabrics,
from 1 guinea Full Dress.

WAR PANIC.

Extraordinary Sale of WHITE PIQUES—viz.,
1,500 Pieces, at 4*d.* per yard.
A lot very fine, and
Superb Brilliant, usually 1*s.* per yard, all at 8*d.*
The Best Piques, 1*s.* 6*d.* per yard.
2,000 White Piques, 3*s.* 1*d.* to 6*s.* 9*d.* Full Dress.
Patterns free.—BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street.

GREAT SALE.

RICIDULOUSLY CHEAP.
1,500 PIECES of FINE FRENCH
MUSLINS
now selling at
4*d.* to 6*d.* per yard, in all the latest Colours for the
coming Season. Patterns free.—BAKER and CRISP.

GREAT SALE.

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS in
FRENCH MUSLINS.
AT BAKER and CRISP'S,
198, Regent-street.
Patterns free.

GREAT SALE.

BAKER and CRISP'S French Printed
Piques, and Muslins,
from 2*s.* 1*d.* Full Dress.
Patterns free.—198, Regent-street.

GREAT SALE.

EARLY SPRING
DRESSES.

POPLIN DE SOIE and PONDICHERY CLOTHS.

Also,
Every Novelty in Dress Fabrics
for
1871.

The prices commence 6*s.* 6*d.* Full Dress.—Patterns free.

GREAT SALE.

A SPECIALITY.

CACHMERE DE LOIRAIN (Registered),
made expressly for BAKER and CRISP.

In 70 Shades of Colour, at 12*s.* 6*d.* Full Dress.
Patterns free.—198, Regent-street.

WAR PANIC.

BLACK SILKS, BLACK SILKS.

Patterns free.

Rich, Bright, Wide, and Durable Makes only.

Black Gros Grain..... 5*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.* Full Dress.

Black Glaces..... 5*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* "

Black Gros Royal..... 6*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.* "

Black Satin Lecom..... 6*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* "

Black Heavy Cord..... 3*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* "

Black Figured Silks..... 3*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* "

Black Poulé de Soie..... 7*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* "

Widows' Black Silks..... 4*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* "

198, Regent street.

MOURNING.—A SPECIALITY.

THE LONDON CORDS, in black and other mournful
colours, including the London Smoke. Patterns free.

1*s.* 6*d.* and 12*s.* 6*d.* Full Dress.

BAKER and CRISP'S, 198, Regent-street.

GREAT SALE.

A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS.

FRENCH HANDKERCHIEFS, at
1*s.* 3*d.* each; post free for stamps

BAKER and CRISP'S, 198, Regent-street.

ANNUAL AND SPECIAL SALE OF SILKS.

MESSRS. STAGG AND MANTLE

Respectfully announce that, according to their usual custom, they are now submitting the whole of their
STOCK OF SILKS AND VELVETS
 AT UNPARALLELED LOW PRICES.

The present Sale will offer special advantages to purchasers, as the SILKS bought by S. and M. for Cash at Lyons, Paris, and Zurich, during the months of August and September, will also be offered at REDUCED PRICES. These are all New Goods made for the present and coming Seasons.

FANCY SILKS.—Several Hundred Dresses will be marked 30s. 6d., 35s. 6d., 42s., 47s. 6d., the Dress of 12 yard

PLAIN SILKS.—Rich Plain Grosgrains, light and dark shades, 35s. 6d., 42s., 47s. 6d. Rich Corded Silks, 47s. 6d. the Dress of 12 yards. White and Coloured Satins, 35s. 6d., 47s. 6d. the Dress of 12 yards.

A most important purchase of ten distinct qualities in RICH BLACK GROSGRAIN and POULT DE SOIE, commencing at £1 15s. 6d. for 12 yards. N.B.—Ladies are requested to observe that the Sale will terminate on SATURDAY, February 18.

2, 3, and 4, LEICESTER-SQUARE, and 8, LEICESTER-STREET.

THE CITY CARPET WAREHOUSE.

JOHN BURDETT AND SONS,

76, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

The best selection of Carpets in the City now offered at a great reduction in price.

The new manufacture of All-wool Felt Carpets, 34 yards wide, without seam, far superior to the old narrow make.

Houses Completely Furnished. Offices Fitted up.

ESTIMATES GIVEN.

The Cheapest Blanket for Wear.

ESTABLISHED 1826, at 76, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

OZOKERIT. (PATENTED) OZOKERIT.

THESE WONDERFUL CANDLES SOLD EVERYWHERE

At 1s. 3d. per lb. in all sizes.

WHOLESALE (ONLY) OF

J. C. & J. FIELD, LONDON.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

ADVICE TO INVALIDS.—If you wish to obtain quiet refreshing sleep, free from headache, relief from pain and anguish, to calm and assuage the weary aching of protracted disease, invigorate the nervous media and regulate the circulating system of the body, you will provide yourself with that marvellous remedy discovered by DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE late Army Medical Staff, to which he gave the name of

CHLORODYNE.

And which is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered. CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, CHLORODYNE effectually checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—Typhoid, Fever, Croup, Ague. CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery. CHLORODYNE effectually cures short attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palsy, and Spasms. CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, &c.

From Lord FRANCIS CONINGHAM, Mount Casham, Donegal, Dec. 11, 1868.

"Lord FRANCIS CONINGHAM, who, this time last year, bought some of Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne from Mr. Davenport, and has found it a most wonderful medicine, will be glad to have half a dozen bottles sent at once to the above address."

"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a dispatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manila, to the effect that Cholera had been raging fearfully, and that the only remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE."—See *Lancet*, December 1, 1869.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PIRACY AND IMITATIONS.

CUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, FRANKMAN, was deliberately untrue, which he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See *Times*, July 13, 1869.

Sold in bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words, "Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE" on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle.

Sole Manufacturer—J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London.

APPLIED

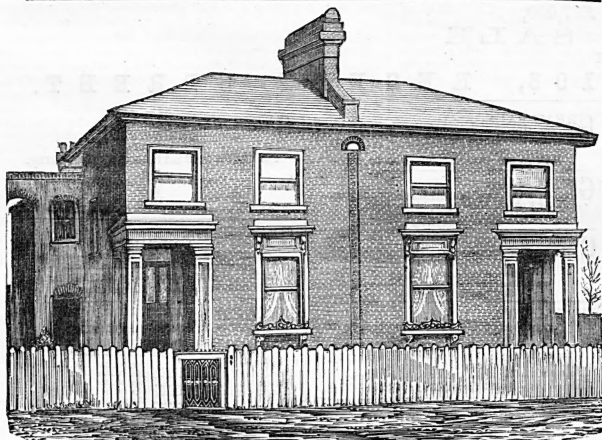
NEURALGIC.

EXTERNALLY



THE INSTANT CURE FOR
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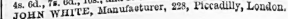
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